THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Miscasting of McCone

A number of highly-placed public servants in Washington who have a professional concern with intelligence and security matters were jarred by the President's unexpected nomination – within a few hours after Congress had adjourned – of John A. McCone to succeed Allen Dulles as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. It was felt that the bounds of prudence had been crossed – not because Mr. McCone is a Republican (the selection of Republican William Foster to head the disarmament agency was excellent), but because the Republican is John McCone, and because the job is CIA. Mr. Kennedy's nominee has been described as a "man of stature." He is that – a well-to-do engineer and industrialist, a tough administrator, a big donor to the Republican Party, a friend of Richard Nixon, a prominent Roman Catholic layman and confidante of ultra-conservative Cardinal McIntyre (Mr. McCone represented the US at the 17th anniversary of Pope Pius XII's coronation in 1956). He is also familiar with Washington bureaucracy, having served as Undersecretary of the Air Force, then as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission from June, 1958, until his resignation was accepted by the new President in January. As successor to the controversial Admiral Strauss, Mr. McCone had made his peace with disgruntled Democrats on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, in part by giving them information theretofore denied them. But what brought him most attention was his campaign to force a resumption of nuclear testing by the US. In retrospect, the method by which he pursued this aim casts some doubt on the reliability of his judgment. Thus, he said on July 25, 1960, that the test moratorium was a "greater disadvantage" to this country than to the USSR. That must be taken as an indication of his capacity for reliable estimates, (Continued on page 3)

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T.R.B. *from London*

There Won't Always Be . . .

★ The red doubledecked bus advertising Gilbey's London Gin runs down the Strand round the island of a bombed-out and restored Christopher Wren church, while a Zulu girl in blue trousers on board collects fares. London cabbies run by on diesel motors, and people queue up politely. It is a well-run city, perhaps the best run on earth. A woman can walk after dark, alone, with greater safety than in any other metropolis.

Not far from my window the ban-the-bomb demonstrators squatted and Bobbies calmly removed them while England smiled a little self-consciously at this unique folk custom, only conceivable in a nation that treats sincere eccentricity with maximum respect. Things seem unchanged.

But it isn't so. In fact if you want to see the England you remember you had better come quick. Most conspicuous are the brutal glass and steel skyscrapers rising all over town, as incongruous as TV masts on thatched roofs. They stand like huge pines above the scrub of a cutover woodlot, obliterating the Westminister-St. Paul skyline. Banging and building goes on all over town.

Traffic congestion is here and skyscrapers will double it. Many cars carry "L" . . . Learners. Driving schools abound. It's called progress: cycles to motor bikes to tandems, and then a small car. Road straightening comes next; the lovely, pinched, incredible English roads are on their way out. (Only this week on a trip to Devon my huge bus oozed through a one-lane Saxon stone bridge like toothpaste coming through a tube.) These things you see. Other things will come before long. Supermarkets will replace those extraordinary one-man shops called "The Butchery" with blood-stained cadavers hung artistically in the window. Local dialects are disappearing under unifying BBC TV and radio (whose programs make the American intellectual's mouth water).

Bigger changes are intangible. Politically the divided Labour Party seems to have turned the corner. Gaitskell has won. Isolationist flirtation seems abated, and unions have started to clean out Communist leadership. The party has touched bottom on debt and membership losses; it has nowhere to go but up. Part of its difficulty is the fringe of condescending leftwingers everlastingly applying an international double standard, always to America's disadvantage. For real snobbery one must turn to the intellectual left.

Another change is education. Slowly the base is broadening. For generations ancient schools superbly trained a dedicated group to run The Establishment: just enough to fill the charmed circle. The tragedy is the young people I meet who left school at 16, who didn't meet the grade at 11½ years and who now are just sawdust for the educational timber yard. America too, God knows, has much to learn from British schools in stressing excellence, but it's a toss-up whether Britain hasn't even more to learn from us.

Biggest changes of all are international. Once it was the Empire, then the Commonwealth, but now this, too, is being diluted by newcomers just as the UN is. Every year or so some new, dark-skinned nation is added. The coziness is gone. Good or bad? Who knows! But everything is different.

It affects the Common Market. Whether Britain likes it or not the economic fates have written – she must join the Market. Most of the public doesn't realize it yet, while, for purposes of bargaining, leaders don't acknowledge it. But Britain's industries must have access to the free trade, 166 million, European market, and once it is in, UK industry must compete (tea-breaks or not). Common Market countries have already made three cuts of 10 percent each on intra-EEC trade in industrial goods, with another 10 percent at year end. By '65 the schedule calls for 65 percent tariff cuts, and it is ahead of schedule.

Commonwealth countries' objections to UK entry may very well cause a general election here, but Canada and the rest won't make the economic counter-concessions required for Commonwealth solidarity. Of all the material changes under way this seems the most controversial, the most inevitable, the most revolutionary. Almost certainly it will weaken Commonwealth ties; for better or worse it will probably open new trade avenues with the US and bring closer US-Canadian association (which will be too bad as the present separate-but-equal status is just about perfect the way it is!).

What secret psychic frustrations unwittingly move Britain nobody can guess. From top dog she is behind the USSR and the US. In the space race she has not even an entry. She suspects Germany, disapproves of France, is aghast at Russia, doubts the US. (Last week the conservative *Sunday Times* carried a New York headline: "US Anti-Red Hysteria Mounts.") Many here feel London could handle Moscow better than Washington. Possibly true. The difficulty is that reluctant Washington has the job.

Calm in a Storm

★ Khrushchev's bomb test resumption slapped English idealists right in the face, like a doctor awakening a drugged patient. It was naked power, scorning so-called "world opinion." Perhaps it was salutary. He added contemptuously that Britain is a Cold War "hostage" to the USSR and the USA. It was the kind of lightning flash remark that is gone in a second, and that leaves an imperishable memory of a whole stark nightmare landscape. It received almost no editorial comment and almost every Englishman quietly remembers it.

The cost of living rose one percent in August. The index stands at 116 – a year ago 110 (Jan. 1956 – 100). It brought a mild, two-paragraph notice on one front page; little comment elsewhere. London is calm under events that would put the US in a flap; is disturbed by things that leave America seemingly little moved. That is the mood as the summer ends, Americans depart, the Cold War worsens.

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The Miscasting of McCone

Hand of the kind of information on which he might base his reports to the President. For if the test ban was a "greater disadvantage" to the US in 1960, one is hard put to explain why it was the Russians who broke the moratorium in '61. The simplest explanation is that Mr. McCone favors "evidence" that supports his preconception – a human weakness, but dangerous in a CIA Director. Furthermore, not only did he frequently imply publicly (no evidence was offered) that the Soviets were testing secretly during the period of the moratorium, he is also credited (privately) by one colleague with laboring diligently behind the scenes for nearly three years to undermine the nuclear test ban negotiations altogether.

In his scholarly book, *Central Intelligence and National Security*, Harry Howe Ransom writes that the head of the CIA "must be a rare combination of administrative expert, imaginative scholar, courageous master spy, and a person of keen political sensitivity to the political ideals of the American Republic . . . a master judge and politician, but not a political partisan, and should be possessed of an inner integrity and common law sense." He concludes that "given CIA's vital contemporary importance to national security, the qualities required in a Director, and the agency's immunity from popular surveillance and control, the same care that goes into the choice of a Chief Justice of the United States should always attend the choice of a Director of Central Intelligence." How well does Mr. McCone meet this exacting standard? Not as well as Allen Dulles. Where self-effacement, balanced judgment, fine discrimination are prime requisites, Mr. McCone brings an impulsive temperament, an arrogant manner toward subordinates, a dogmatic rather than skeptical cast of mind. Great ambition and drive can be valuable, but in a Director of CIA they portend an expansion of the Agency's domain rather than, as had been hoped, a judicious cutting back of its activities. All this would seem enough to disqualify him, but in addition he is an amateur, not a "courageous master spy," without any previous experience in the operations he is expected to command. Even this handicap, however, might not be fatal were it not for his lacking a rudimentary sense of the ambiguities, the causes, of upheavals that are rocking every continent and with which CIA must contend. He is the kind of man who hates Communism not because it has betrayed the revolution, but because he assumes it *is* the revolution. That is a flaw beyond correction.

If confirmed, Mr. McCone will also become Chairman of the Joint Intelligence Board. His duties here go beyond the collecting of information: he is its filter. Through his sifting of events, the President is counseled on what may or may not happen, what should or should

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not be done. "At present," as this journal noted last May, "the CIA carries on not only the clandestine gathering of intelligence, as one would expect, but has built an organization in the field of overt intelligence so far flung that it can claim greater authority on many subjects than the State Department, which must answer for its budget to Congress. Moreover, the CIA maintains its own elaborate machinery for analyzing and evaluating its findings, not only the evaluation at lower levels intrinsic to the effective direction of intelligence work, but high-level, policy-focused summing up." CIA's budget is estimated to be between three to four times that of the State Department. The Director personally decides finally how and where the money is to be spent. Spying is only a small part of the business; CIA subsidizes political activities all over the world (the Cuban venture was only one example); it is waist-deep in countless political intrigues. If the man-in-charge is deficient in deliberateness or in political sophistication, how safe are we? If administrative ability and a hatred of Communism were all that a CIA Director need have, Mr. McCone would do. But they are not. To give him this awesome power is like turning over a high-powered car to someone with defective vision – or employing a tone-deaf piano tuner.

Did the President have no other choice? He did. What might have been, and might still be, can be appreciated by imagining such a man as Arthur Goldberg as Director of CIA – someone with personal knowledge of intelligence work, someone sensitive to a wide range of political vibrations and with first-hand experience in combating Communist infiltration. Mr. Goldberg is a Democrat, but there are such Republicans. One naturally sympathizes with the President's desire to use his appointive power as a means of taking into camp, or at least neutralizing, those who would, if they could, destroy him politically. Particularly during the coming negotiations on Berlin, this Administration has every incentive to ready its defenses against attack by those who equate accommodation with appeasement.

But Mr. McCone is too high a price to pay, for what is at stake is not any man's or any party's political fortunes in the coming year or two, but as Mr. Kennedy has so often emphasized, the survival of freedom. In going too far to neutralize criticism by the Old Guard at home, the Administration may find it has surrendered one of the prime weapons we have to counter the Communist conspiracy – *intelligence*. And to what avail? The Old Guard is no more likely to be "contained" by appeasement than is Mr. Khrushchev.

It may not be too late. Mr. McCone has only an interim appointment. The President could decide that Mr. McCone has been miscast. And if he does not, the full membership of the Senate will still have the opportunity in January to take a responsible view of its duties by declining to give its consent.

Blarney, Bludgeons, Boodle

The day before the 1960 Democratic National Convention was to choose its Presidential nominee, Sen. John F. Kennedy told a friend he might be 20 votes short of enough to win on the first ballot. The day the 87th Congress convened President Kennedy knew that he was 12 to 20 votes short of a working majority in the House of Representatives – where his legislative program would stand its severest test.

In the November elections the Democrats had lost 21 seats, most of them held by moderates or liberals. The lineup in the new House was: 174 Republicans; 263 Democrats – 99 of them representing the South. That meant a substantial increase in power for the coalition of Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans which has made trouble for every President since FDR's defeat in the 1938 Congressional elections. A recent *Congressional Quarterly* study of the Democratic split had shown that a majority of Southern Democrats voted against the position taken by a majority of Northern Democrats on 40 percent of all rollcalls in 1960. But there was the consoling added finding that without Republican support the Southerners could not prevail; they had won only three rollcalls where less than a majority of the Republicans voted with them.

The new President did not have to draw on his 14 years of Congressional experience to size up the situation. To gain a working majority, his Administration would have to expand the Democratic center and win over Republican liberals newly freed from Eisenhower captivity. But there was more than one way to skin a cat. One might fight the coalition. One could "take his case to the people" and let the voters explain it to their representatives. FDR, Lincoln, Truman, Jackson and Teddy Roosevelt had demonstrated what "moral leadership" can do, Kennedy had reminded the National Press Club a year before his inauguration. "They led the people as well as the government – they fought for great ideals as well as bills. And the time has come to demand that kind of leadership again. . . .

"We will need a President willing and able to summon his national constituency to its finest hour – to alert the people to our dangers and opportunities."

But suppose "moral leadership" did not work for John F. Kennedy at his particular moment in history? Suppose he called and the people didn't come, and he suffered from "overexposure" while trying to rally them? Certainly Congress would not take kindly to being pressured. The Congo, Cuba, Laos and Berlin all suggested that the new President would need all the friendly understanding he could build up in that quarter. And, finally, if one began with last-resort exhortations, would not the future be one of constant anticlimax? Suppose a greater crisis came? It was the Presi-

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dent's considered decision to stick to conventional political weapons, the tried techniques of blarney, bludgeon and boodle – and to employ them to create the sense of constant forward momentum so essential to success in politics. To maintain momentum in leading the Congress, Kennedy would have to make a slow start. The program he presented for action by the first session surprised his critics by its modesty.

To bring Southern and Republican moderate-conservatives toward the center, he must first disarm them psychologically – there would be no reprisals against Southern bolters, not even House Rules Committee obstructionist Colmer of Mississippi; and no cause would be given for Republicans to pin the "big spender" label on the new President.

Mr. Kennedy then could delegate much of the actual pursuit of votes for his program to chief White House lobbyist Larry O'Brien and his staff.

Viewed against this background of what was attempted, Kennedy's performance with his first Congress rates excellent. The statistics his press agents have flung around as to what was accomplished and the statements of Presidential pleasure at having been trounced on his foreign-aid requests are, of course, designed to maintain the sense of getting-on, even after the wheels have ceased to turn. But much was achieved. A Senator of such high probity as Paul Douglas of Illinois could declare, in outraged reply to Mr. Arthur Krock's characterization of the session as a "personal repudiation" of the President's "errors of leadership" and a succession of "stunning defeats," that:

"Since my election to the Senate in 1948, I have never served in a session which did more for . . .", followed by a list of 17 areas of progress.

As the first among equal Irishmen, Kennedy was in general charge of the blarney, to what effect one star of the "Ev and Charlie" show is his witness. Toward midnight of closing day in the Senate, Minority Leader Everett Dirksen – who had said of Kennedy's State-of-the-Union Message that it had all the impact on Congress "of a snowflake on the bosom of the Potomac" – rose to make a disclaimer: He had not gone soft on Kennedyism. "It has been said," Dirksen began, "that the President of the United States has undertaken to exercise some blandishments on the Minority Leader. Well, it intrigues me, because blandishments, after a sustained and almost continuous period of 28 years in the National Legislature, have no particular impact on me." Hard as he may be to blandish, Dirksen surprisingly had been what Majority Leader Mansfield described as a "tower of strength" on the President's foreign aid proposal, and so had numerous House Republicans whom Kennedy had had occasion to cajole. The weekly White House "teas" for House members and bi-weekly "receptions" which O'Brien of the White House hosted on Capitol Hill did not hurt in the least.

The bludgeon used on a few worked as an example to the many. Two Southerners who defied Speaker Rayburn on his proposal for Rules Committee expansion found themselves respectively deprived of a prized committee assignment and a junket to Mexico. Others learned what it was to thirst for traditional patronage, or to hear the Governor of their states phoning to suggest that they follow the Democratic leader.

Where rewards for cooperation were in order, O'Brien had them in good supply for "wheeling and dealing" in classic style. There were 4,000 government jobs open to able and deserving constituents, contracts for industry and public works for needy areas. Appointments to 84 Federal judgeships the Kennedy Administration had to fill moved slowly so long as there was still Congressional voting to do. Once asked directly about the reward system for vote-getting, O'Brien replied simply that to lobby for votes without meeting demands for patronage was unrealistic, and "we are realistic."

Conventional political warfare was sufficient to Kennedy's purpose in the first session of his first Congress. But will it work again? Momentum was slowing down before the session ran its weary course. And before the end, conventional weapons failed to persuade on issues where conviction was strong – on federal aid to schools and on Treasury financing of foreign aid. Most of the priority business for the new session in

"You're Nice, and I Like You, But I Don't Feel Like Moving"

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January touches some sensitive nerve of some influential bloc of legislators: reciprocal trade, medical care for the aged under social security, tax reform.

Even so, to the professional in politics it will probably continue to seem wiser to stay friends with Congress than to try to go over its head. And in view of the prospect of continuing crises abroad the President may be justified if he decides not to jeopardize friendly feelings that could mean votes in an emergency.

Mr. Kennedy has heard a story Franklin Roosevelt Jr. tells about his father: "I remember when I was in Charlottesville before the war and my father refused to submit a civil rights bill to Congress and I went up to see him and I argued with him. This was a point of principle. And what he told me then was that he was President, not of a section of a country, but of the whole US. And, whatever he did, he had to look not only at the now of a situation, but at the country, two, four, six years from then.

"Well, he said he had the feeling that somehow we might be involved in a war, and it was his main job to get the country ready and properly prepared for it. To do that he would need the support of the South. And the civil rights issue would just cut them off from him at this time. And you remember what happened, the draft bill squeaked in by one vote."

For circumstances do alter cases, and President Kennedy may never bring us any closer to the New Frontier than we are today. But there are signs that he is turning his attention to the need for extra fire power to stand off the attack the Miller-Goldwater Republicans are mounting for 1962. In the three months before Congress returns, much could be done. The Democratic National Committee supposedly was moving in this direction during the 1961 session, with no noticeable results. Perhaps the time has come to move the highly-effective "Irish Mafia" (as the original Kennedy team is affectionately known in Washington) out of the White House, at least for the Congressional recess, and back into the precincts to do for the Kennedy program what it did for Kennedy.

"I Can't Help But Wonder"

Hypocrisy, observed La Rochefoucauld, is the homage that vice pays to virtue. The quip has been admired for three centuries, and now we have an up-to-date example of how it works out in real life. Last week Barry Goldwater rose in the Senate to announce that someone had discovered that President Kennedy's Special Counsel, Ted Sorensen, had been a conscientious objector a decade ago. And he applied the formula. "Anyone has a right to claim conscientious objection to combatant military service," he said, "and I believe it very often requires more courage to seek this classification than to serve." Nothing could seem more fair, until he flashed the knife: "However, I cannot help but wonder at the thoughts of the fathers and mothers of American boys who right now are being called up . . . when they learn that one of the President's closest advisers is an objector because of conscience." Just the way it used to happen in the Ancien Regime at Versailles when the old cynic in knee breeches noted it down.

Civil Rights

The Interstate Commerce Commission has written a significant epilogue to last spring's freedom rides. Acting on an imaginative and well-executed initiative of the Justice Department, the Commission has not only reaffirmed the requirement that interstate buses offer integrated seating, but ordered the conspicuous posting of notices to this effect, making clear that the authority of the federal government is in play. And the Commission not only forbade interstate buses to use segregated terminal facilities, but required signs to be posted in facilities that are used, indicating that they are integrated by federal order. Efforts at further evasion may still be expected, perhaps, but enforcement will not necessitate numerous and expensive law suits. The Commission has ordered prompt reports on non-compliance to be made to it, and it has at its disposal ample means of working its will – through the bus companies.

Meanwhile, the Civil Rights Commission, whose life was extended in the only bit of Congressional action on civil rights demanded or obtained by the Administration, has filed a second portion of its report for 1961. This document deals with schools, and it culminates in a number of recommendations for executive and legislative action. Among the more important of the former, which the Administration would be wise to heed, is that integrated schools for military dependents be provided on the base, where there are none in the surrounding communities; that the Civil Rights Commission (or perhaps the Office of Education in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare) be constituted a clearing house for information and procedures concerning effective school integration; and that – to state it in a form that will draw the least objection – a start be made toward working out techniques of exerting pressure for integration in the disbursement of federal funds to public schools and universities, as well as under the Library Services Act of 1956. The total lack of library facilities for colored people in certain places is, incidentally, one of the singularly painful and hitherto unremarked facts uncovered by the Commission.

Most of the Commission's legislative recommendations probably have little immediate prospect of being

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adopted. Quite aside from that, it is fair to say that these recommendations ought in any event to await independent executive efforts. Provisions of special funds for integrating school districts which have been denied their usual share by state governments does not now seem essential, in view of the collapse of massive resistance in Virginia, and most notably in New Orleans. Technical assistance to integrating school districts is important, but the President can undertake to provide it on his own authority initially, and thus eventually come to Congress with a going program. The President can also, as we have noted, make a start at exerting pressure in the disbursement of funds, and it does seem more crucial at the moment to keep trying for substantial new funds for schools generally, rather than to embroil Congress in a fight about authority – which the President in any event possesses – to see that the laws, including the Constitution, are faithfully executed. Finally, one may be in hearty agreement with the recommendation that all school districts be required by statute to submit an integration plan by 1963. But such a statute itself would amount only to the exertion of more pressure; and while the President cannot legislate a certain date, he is capable of exerting, on his own, a great deal of push that has never been applied. This would seem the sensible course before appealing to a Congress from which so much else is wanted.

One regrettable act of omission on the part of the Administration must be noted, though it is only marginally related to its promise and performance in the area of civil rights. When a new seat was created at this session of Congress on the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, Federal District Judge J. Skelly Wright of New Orleans was widely mentioned as a logical candidate. Judge Wright's able – and under the circumstances, stoically brave – performance of duty in the New Orleans school integration crisis of last year merely added luster to what was in any event a distinguished record. But it drew the public opposition of Senator Long of Louisiana. We said at the time that it would be unthinkable for anyone but Judge Wright to be appointed, and the unthinkable has now happened. The appointment actually made was from another state, and indications are that it is a perfectly worthy one. It is possible that Senator Long's veto threat was not a decisive consideration; but in view of Judge Wright's obvious other qualifications, in light of the general policy in favor of promotions of distinguished district judges to the courts of appeal, and having regard to the sorely tried morale of the Southern district judges, on whom falls the burden in the first instance of carrying out the Supreme Court's integration principle, it does seem that Senator Long's threat, once publicly made, should have conclusively weighted the scales toward the appointment of Judge Wright.

Same Old Disarmament

Although one press account of the US program for disarmament just presented to the UN described it as "differing in a number of major respects from prior Western proposals" *(The Washington Post)*, a close examination of the text reveals that the Soviet description of it as nothing new is closer to the truth. The most dramatic – and the most unrealistic – part of the proposal is its explicit acceptance of complete and total disarmament as not only a long-term goal but as an operational objective now. Mr. Kennedy certainly does not believe this; the Russians do not believe it; and one suspects that the neutrals for all their moralism do not. Total disarmament is not around the corner, for its concrete prerequisites – none of which we know how to obtain – include development of methods for inspecting chemical, biological, and radiological weapons, means of insuring the destruction of all fissional material, the development of a successful means to assure peaceful international change, and the creation of an effective United Nations Peace Force.

All these, for technical and political reasons, may well be impossible of attainment during the next decades. Thus, to talk about total and complete disarmament as a short-term goal, while at the same time citing insurmountable obstacles to its attainment, is to play fickly with the hopes of mankind. Why then, was it done? Since it is not a plan which is susceptible to serious negotiation, it must have had some other purpose: namely, propaganda. The need to match the Soviets in the world public opinion contest was underlined by Mr. Kennedy when he talked of substituting a program (American) for a slogan (Soviet). The President's advisers seem to have concluded that the US could not compete with the Soviets in image-peddling unless prepared to out-Khrushchev Khrushchev.

But whether or not the espousal of complete and total disarmament is effective propaganda, the critical question is: how does it affect the likelihood of war and peace? Specifically, what does it do to the chances of limiting armaments over the next decades? One suspects that it does a great deal, and not to the benefit of progress toward arms control. Now that both we and the Soviets are committed to total and complete disarmament, we are likely to find that we have to spend the next months, if not years, debating total and complete disarmament – rather than more limited steps. Secondly, the US Government itself, in the newly created Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, may feel obliged to concentrate on filling in details of the Big Plan, rather than devising measures which have some chance of being negotiated.

In view of the unreality of the proposal as a whole, there may seem to be little point in trying to examine

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its parts. Nevertheless, the details give some clue as to whether there have been any changes in official thinking. While some proposals are shifted from stage one to stage two, there is not a single item in the US plan which has not been made before, by us or by the Soviets. Many of the ideas in the document are rendered vacuous by the addition of the word "agreed." For example: "Production of *agreed* categories of strategic nuclear weapons delivery vehicles and *agreed* types of weapons designed to counter such vehicles shall be *discontinued or limited.*" (Italics added.)

This paragraph says nothing or anything, depending on what is agreed to and whether one discontinues or limits – and if limits, in what ways. Further on in stage two, we are told that levels of forces of US, Soviet and other "militarily significant states" (China?) shall be reduced "by substantial amounts to agreed levels in equitable and balanced steps." What are substantial amounts, what level is to be agreed to, and how can this be done in equitable and balanced steps?

Perhaps the most disappointing of all the sections is the group of paragraphs on the reduction of the dangers of war by "accident, miscalculation, and surprise attack." Except for some curiously dated references to reducing the danger of a large-scale surprise ground attack, there is nothing here other than proposals for study groups. In view of the large amount of study already given these problems in scholarly circles in the past few years, one might have hoped that the US program would contain some concrete suggestions.

Syria Breaks Loose

The political elements active in the Syrian rebellion, as reflected in the government constituted on September 29, stem from 1953-54, rather than the era immediately preceding the Union with Egypt in February, 1958. Behind the scenes looms Adib Shishakly, dictator of Syria in 1954. A close associate of Shishakly, Mamoun Kuzbari, has taken over the post of Premier. (Shishakly's own absence from the scene is a mystery which has yet to be explained.) The Arab Liberation Party – a neo-fascist, national socialist grouping created by Shishakly – and the old Syrian National Party are supporting the new government, but the major parties are left out. Neither the *Bath* Party, which was instrumental in bringing about the Union with Egypt, nor the predominantly bourgeois *Shab* (Peoples Party), nor the old independence party, *Hizb al-Watani*, is as yet represented. *Bath* has already reaffirmed its faith in the Union, though this position could, conceivably, be compromised if the party were invited to take part in the new government. *Shab* and *Hizb al-Watani* may be counted on to lend tacit support temporarily, but it is difficult to imagine how an intense struggle for power can be avoided unless a broadly-based coalition can be worked out in the near future. And it is this question which constitutes the greatest danger, involving as it does the possibility of civil war through which Nasser might be able to regain control.

While the great majority of Syrians seem likely to go along with the new regime, many remain faithful to Nasserism, and these could, with judicious cultivation by Cairo, serve to disturb the prevailing calm. Anti-Nasser ranks include virtually all of the middle class and the farmers. Likewise, there are the exiles of all shades of opinion who were forced by Nasser to leave Syria in 1958 because of their differing views or because they opposed Union outright. Many of the Syrian intelligentsia felt that Nasser was pushing them and Syria around, that far too few of their numbers have been represented in the civil and foreign services of the UAR, and that their role in shaping the state has been neglected. Innumerable smaller complaints have beset the ranks, among them Cairo's policy of awarding to Egyptians desirable posts in Syria. Much of the Syrian military was thus alienated, though the self-limited role of the military in the current rebellion may have significance as the portent of the decline of militarism in Syrian politics generally. While the unanswered question of rebel finances does not yet exclude the possibility of foreign assistance, the Syrian revolt is essentially domestically-inspired.

Among the most important immediate causes for widespread discontent in 1961 was the application of Nasser's socialist reforms, considered by many to be too extreme and ill-suited to Syrian needs. Incursions into the business and commercial sectors stirred great resentment and, more importantly, precipitated a flight of capital abroad which has affected adversely every aspect of Syrian economic life. Similarly, Nasser's land reform measures, imperative in Egypt where the amount of arable land is extremely scarce, have tended to misfire in Syria where more arable land is available.

In brief, Nasser's highhanded methods of ruling Syria from Cairo for the past 3½ years lost him the few genuine friends he had in the Northern Province. Until the rebellion, the majority had been willing to "wait and see," realizing that breaking the Union might be too much to pay for getting rid of Nasser. Even with the resurgence of independence, it must be noted that the announced foreign policies (positive neutrality) of the reconstituted Syrian state appear identical to Nasser's, and that Arab unity is no less firmly upheld.

The repercussions on Nasserism may be profound regardless of the outcome of the present crisis. Egyptian leadership of the Arab movement as embodied in Nasser – always a matter of expediency in the majority Arab view – has been dealt a powerful blow.

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They're Out To Get Fulbright

Little Rock

The nearest certainties in next year's Senate race in Arkansas are that Sen. J. W. Fulbright will be opposed, for the first time since his original election 17 years ago, and that the campaign against him will be, at the least, strident. The Senator's catalytic memorandum to Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara protesting military involvement in non-military political matters has brought him more denunciatory mail from right-wingers than his staff can begin to acknowledge. The most explicit has been a letter to the editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* pledging that the John Birch Society definitely will have a candidate against Fulbright in '62, using Texas and Oklahoma oil money if need be.

The 56-year-old Junior Senator from Arkansas had been measured for the long knives long before his memorandum to the Defense Department was made public. From the celebrated Fulbright Resolution, which the then first-term House member from Arkansas offered in 1943 as a prelude to US membership in the United Nations, through his efforts to report out a repealer of the Connally Reservation last year, down to his recent welcoming of Britain's application for membership in the European Economic Community as a possible harbinger of some form of Atlantic Union, the list is a long one.

Yet Fulbright's conviction of the inescapability of America's world commitment has been known to the people of Arkansas from the very beginning of his public career, and his stand against Joe McCarthy (his was a lonely vote in 1954 against appropriations for the McCarthy Committee) was taken only a short time before he was re-elected without opposition. What has happened since?

"Little Rock" has happened, for one thing. Governor Orval E. Faubus has never let the voters of Arkansas forget that Senator Fulbright was no-commenting in London at the time, and never endorsed Faubus' action.

True, times have changed in the intervening four years. As the Little Rock schools last month were preparing for another year of peaceful (and expanded) desegregation, the Arkansas Legislature was meeting in a special session on college and institutional financing from which all racial questions had been specifically exempted by the Governor's call. On the day that Little Rock formally extended integration to the junior high schools (September 5), the Governor presided over a routine press conference in which the subject was never even raised. Yet the residual legacy from "Little Rock – 1957" still is incalculable.

Ever since Mr. Faubus was able to conclude a rather sniffishly observed non-aggression pact with Sen. John L. McClellan, it had been generally assumed that the Governor eventually would run against Senator Fulbright. This became less certain, however, when Mr. Faubus this year pushed to a referendum vote a $60 million bond issue for institutional construction which could have provided the perfect springboard for another term as Governor. As things turned out, the bond proposal was beaten by a vote of 2-to-1. Some of the experts saw the result as an important blow to Mr. Faubus; others were sure that now more than ever, the Governor would have no choice but to try and ride the trail to Washington. It is entirely possible he himself doesn't know which way to leap.

The alternative opponent most frequently mentioned is Rep. Dale Alford, an opthalmologist turned politician, who is the creature of Faubus. It was Faubus who created the climate of opinion that enabled Dr. Alford to unhorse the veteran Foreign Affairs Committee member (and present Assistant Secretary of State) Brooks Hays in 1958. Mr. Faubus also lent one of his own administrative assistants to mastermind the last-minute write-in campaign that elected Dr. Alford.

Dale Alford, 45, is an amiable popinjay, a latter-day Claghorn but with something more nearly resembling the standard American tones of a radio announcer – which he once was. He calls himself a "conservative"; that is, he is (to paraphrase the words of General Eisenhower) a conservative in dealing with the people's health, as in his approach to the Anderson-King Bill, but a liberal in expending their tax money in such categories as Congressional travel allowances.

In contrast to the Faubuses, Alford seems to like Washington just fine, but in the weeks before adjournment he was making more and more trips to Arkansas, taking speaking invitations wherever he could get them – whether in or out of his home (Little Rock) district. In the redistricting scramble left by Arkansas' loss of two House seats in the 1960 census, the ambitious Representative Alford would have to beat the well-entrenched chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills, in order even to stay where he is. Thus, as he roams ever farther afield in his speech-making – both geographically and in the sub-

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ject-matter (from attacks on "Modernist" theology to unqualified defenses of General Walker) – there is every indication that he is looking forward to some sort of statewide campaign: for the Senate, if Mr. Faubus should try for a fifth term as Governor; for Governor, if Mr. Faubus plops the other way. For what it is worth, the single unifying theme of his recent speeches has been "iniquitous internationalism."

Orval Faubus remains . . . ineffable. The Governor still has a gift for unfortunate expression, as when he recently sought to demonstrate the broadness of his racial views by observing that under his administration Negroes have been admitted to the state penitentiary system on "a basis of equality." However, he never has had any difficulty in communicating with the people of Arkansas. His political philosophy can best be understood by recalling that where he first came to power in protest against former Governor Francis A. Cherry's attempt to follow through on a promise to trim "deadheads" from the state welfare rolls, he now is one of the nation's foremost exponents of the Newburgh, N. Y. (or "Nigger Bastard") approach to social welfare. Nobody, not even Senator Goldwater, was quicker to cry "I told you so" after Newburgh hit the headlines. The only difference is that where Goldwater probably means it, Orval Faubus obviously doesn't. Few state governors anywhere have ever made such adroit use of federal grants-in-aid.

Honest men may differ in their appraisal of Fulbright's opposition to the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown vs Board of Education*. But anyone who would charge Fulbright with equivocating on the school desegregation controversy must perforce take into account his singular lack of equivocation on other issues whose emotional content is very nearly as great. In large measure because of the desegregation controversy, federal aid to education is widely regarded in Arkansas as a principle almost as objectionable as "integration" itself. Yet Senator Fulbright's support of the federal aid principle – teachers' salaries and all – has been unwavering.

Sometimes it appears that he goes out of his way to invite local criticism – as in his fight against the anti-Nasser rider to the 1960 foreign aid bill. (Whatever damage this stand may have done to his position in Arkansas, however, was more than offset by Governor Faubus' rather arms-length relationship with the "National States Rights Party" – whose publication, *The Thunderbolt*, amounts to a regional version of Conde McGinley's *Common Sense* – and by Dr. Alford's open embracing of an organization called "The Arkansas Laymen," which, among other things, has succeeded in having the novel *Exodus* banned from a high-school reading list in North Little Rock.)

Some of Senator Fulbright's own supporters who ought to know better have permitted themselves to become prisoners of the myth that he does not devote enough time and attention to Arkansas affairs, a charge that is amply refuted by the record. What they really mean is that he has not spent enough time *in* Arkansas. So it may be that one of the big questions that will have to be answered next year is whether it is possible for an active and conscientious Senate Foreign Relations chairman to survive politically, if he happens to come from the South. Because of the age differential, the prior example of the defeat of Senator George of Georgia may not apply to Arkansas in 1962, but one can't be sure.

JERRY NEIL

FANFANI HAS SOME IDEAS OF HIS OWN

Italy and the Berlin Crisis

Rome

While Italy enjoys equal status with France and West Germany in the European Community, her official standing in older Western organizations such as NATO is that of a lesser partner and there is still a tendency to treat her as the stepchild she was in 1949. Growing Italian sensitivity on this point has been taken into full account by Soviet diplomacy – highlighted by Premier Fanfani's visit to Moscow and by subsequent messages sent him by Premier Khrushchev. The USSR has sought to use Italy as a communication channel in the conflict over Berlin, and possibly thereby to weaken NATO's united front. It has also pressed for closer commercial ties between the two countries, and with some effect, since major Italian private and government-controlled concerns are interested in finding new outlets for their soaring industrial output (chemicals, artificial fibers, steel and mechanical engineering products). The Russians are aware too of the sharpening rivalry that has developed all over the world between the Italian State oil agency, headed by the dynamic

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Signor Enrico Mattei, and the major Western oil companies after the latter first sought to gain complete control of the newly-discovered Italian oil and natural gas resources, and then refused to cut him in, even as a very junior partner, in Iran and in other producing countries of Asia and Africa.

To say that in accepting the invitation to meet with Khrushchev early in August, Signor Fanfani was unaware of those Soviet calculations would grossly underrate Fanfani's political shrewdness. Nor does available information indicate that, during his conversations in Moscow, he gave the Soviet Premier reason to hope that Italy would waver in allegiance to her allies. At the same time, Fanfani came back fully convinced that Khrushchev, obsessed by the danger of a resurgence of German "aggressive militarism," was relentlessly determined to consolidate by every means at his command the division of Germany; but Fanfani also felt that there was "an appreciable margin for negotiation," probably in the area of new guarantees for the freedom of West Berlin and possibly for giving the whole city (Western and Eastern sectors) an international status. On this basis, the Italian Premier urged the Western allies to take the initiative in exploring the possibility of negotiations, in the conviction (which he feels has not proved wrong) that things would get worse if they were left to drift.

Just as he had been overly flattered by Khrushchev's adroit references to the increased weight and international standing of Italy, so Fanfani was overly peeved when the big allies reacted rather coolly to his suggestions. Nor were feelings soothed when Secretary Rusk, in announcing plans to confer with Chancellor Adenauer at the latter's vacation place in Northern Italy, failed to indicate a desire to meet with the Italian Premier (the meeting was quickly arranged after the Italian displeasure had been called to the attention of US officials in Rome).

At the end of August, this unhappy state of affairs was publicly underlined by an unfortunate note issued by the Italian Premier's office which in effect stated that the worsening of the situation (notably the sealing off of East Berlin) might have been avoided if the Western allies had heeded Fanfani's recommendations. The note caused an uproar in Italy.

In part, the uproar came from people sincerely fearful of any deterioration in the relations between Italy and the NATO powers at a time when the Berlin crisis calls for utmost solidarity. But it also reflected an attempt by Fanfani's political adversaries and by all Italian right-of-center forces to carry out a major operation of a purely domestic nature. Their purpose was to smear all the proponents of an understanding with the Nenni Socialists as tainted with "neutralism," and thus to bring about a crisis which would not only put an end to all chances of giving Italy a government pledged to long overdue social and economic reforms, but would pave the way for a right-of-center regime as the only one allegedly capable of ensuring Italy's loyalty to the West. Rumors were spread to the effect that the attempted operation was viewed sympathetically by some French, West German and American circles.

In pressing such a maneuver, the Italian rightists have been impelled by two recent developments which have an ominous significance for them: the agreement between the ruling Christian-Democrats and the Nenni Socialists for a joint regional government in Sicily; and the statement by Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the staunchly pro-Western Social Democrats and a Fanfani supporter, that the Nenni Socialists are now more eligible to be partners in a government majority following the stand taken by Nenni himself on Berlin. (Nenni has not only advocated full guarantees for the freedom of the city but has criticized recent "unilateral moves" by the USSR, including specifically the sealing off of East Berlin and the resumption of tests.)

The uproar has by now largely subsided, thanks partly to the public reaffirmations of Italian dedication to NATO made by the government. At the same time, a number of Italians continue to have strong reservations about the "negative approach" attributed, for instance, to General de Gaulle in connection with negotiations over Berlin and Germany. Nor should it be forgotten that Italy's Christian Democrats – more perhaps than most other Catholics because of their physical proximity to the Vatican – deeply feel the influence of the Church's commitment to the universal ideal of peace. Last but not least, there is little enthusiasm for any German "cause" in this country which, during World War II had some experience of Nazi oppression; a country, moreover, which just now is witnessing fresh bombing outrages, perpetrated, with the participation of Austrian and German citizens, by fanatic supporters of more "autonomy" for the German-speaking inhabitants of Alto Adige, the northernmost province in Italy.

There is no reason, however, to doubt the support the Italian Government and a large majority of the Italian people will give not only to maintain a united Western front on Berlin but also in facing up to the risk of military confrontation in the middle of Europe. But the "quality" and effectiveness of that support, both in contributing to repel an external aggression and in subduing the internal threat represented by the largest Communist Party in the West, will depend, to an extent, upon evidence that the Western allies have gone to all reasonable lengths to avoid an armed conflict; and evidence that those same allies have made a point of consulting and keeping Italy fully informed before taking fateful decisions. Leo J. Wollemborg

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Sir Galahad in High Gear

It was the contention of the late H. L. Mencken that we who regularly pontificate on public affairs are remiss in that we give too little weight to the influence upon history of the craft of newspaper photographers. Mencken was sure that the cameras greatly expedited the repeal of prohibition by a simple, but subtle process. Whenever it was needful to illustrate an article with a picture of a lady wet, they invariably chose a cutie of the most appetizing type; and when they photographed a lady dry, they sought the opposite so diligently that they dredged up, said Mencken, "some specimens so dreadful that one wonders how a self-respecting God could have made them."

Today, of course, the television camera men have largely supplanted the newspaper photographers as creators of the visual image of public characters, and it is probable that they are even more potent. There is a widespread belief that his TV appearance went far to finish Joe McCarthy, and some hold that it was the straw that broke Richard M. Nixon's back. Kennedy, on the other hand, is fortunate in that only the most obvious sabotage could make him look sinister.

But on the occasion of his speech to the United Nations the boys really outdid themselves in the President's behalf. They had, to be sure, a splendid stage set, but they made the most of it. The angle used most of the time had the speaker behind a rostrum of what seemed to be black marble with masonry of the same type behind him – dark, frowning, formidable, suggestive of the battlements of Elsinore at midnight. A spotlight that seemed to be directly overhead gave Kennedy's tousled hair a metallic sheen; one could almost believe that he wore a silver casque.

But the really smooth operation was the occasional cut to Number Two camera, trained on the Russian delegates. They happened to be rather portly men, one with a head either bald or shaved. Listening intently, they sat hunched over their desks as if crouching, but immobile, expressionless even when the rest of the audience burst into applause. There was something porcine, mindless in the group – an illusion, of course, for anyone who dreams of a lack of brains in the Soviet delegation will have a rude awakening.

Never mind what the ear heard. What the photographer gave the eye was Romance standing on a lofty keep and hurling defiance at dull materialism below. Darkness in the background – straight lines, right angle, ponderous blocks of stone – and in the foreground one tense, vibrant figure, crowned with light; above, the trumpet's blast; below, the deaf and dull.

> Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
> And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre.

Illusion, yes, but not to be dismissed with a shrug. History is punctuated with illusions so powerful that they have shaken the world. St. George, Lancelot, Roland, Godfrey, Raymond and the Lion-Heart were all, our intellects tell us, in the beginning fairly ordinary men; but our emotions give reason the lie and have raised these figures to superhuman stature.

That is to say, under favorable circumstances what the manufacturers of illusion turn out is not a fantasy, but a symbol; and inspired by the right symbol the common people are capable of pooling their strength and achieving prodigies. Hence the creators of illusion are not to be derided, for sometimes they produce effects in the world of reality that the profoundest philosopher cannot manage.

The President, as a matter of fact, made a sober speech, explicitly deprecating every kind of romantic hoop-la. But what of that? If he had stood there reciting "Mary had a little lamb" with the boys weaving their magic around him he would nevertheless have been presented to the country as a glamorous figure.

Unfortunately, the effect was not perceptible to those who were in the hall, which includes the Russian delegates. The chances are, therefore, that they will never understand why that speech was so effective, and they may go back to Moscow convinced that there is in Americans a psychological quirk beyond the comprehension of other people.

But Mencken was right. Persons who undertake to comment on public affairs are remiss when they fail to give due weight to the influence of the histrionic, especially to the histrionic so artfully contrived that it seems to be not contrived at all, but purely accidental. Yet who can measure an influence so subtle that its presence is not suspected by the people affected? The pundits, after all, should not be taken too severely to task for missing that bet.

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J. F. K. ECONOMICS

Should We All Stand Up and Cheer?

by Leon H. Keyserling

Professor Seymour Harris' September 18 challenge in these pages to Walter Lippmann and me and others for questioning the adequacy of the President's economic program raises such large issues of public policy that it compels a somewhat detailed reply.

The first part of Professor Harris' article runs like this: (1) He admits – *e.g.*, by indicating that a federal deficit next year about twice as big as the President seems ready to accept "may be necessary" – that the President's economic program is too small, and thus he largely admits the *economic* validity of my criticism and that of others; (2) nonetheless, he says that the limited scope of the program as recommended by the President is an imperative of *sound political strategy* on the President's part; and (3) therefore, he concludes, he "cannot go along with" criticisms of the program.

If this advice were followed by independent experts in various fields, how could anybody help the public and the Congress (which Professor Harris says are lagging far behind the President) better understand our needs, and thus help the President to do more of what Professor Harris and some high officials strongly imply the President really wants to do?

Moreover, Professor Harris is wrong in saying that "no one has criticized the President for lack of political acumen." Many thoughtful people are saying that the degree of the President's turn in a conservative direction, on the ground that the election was close and his Congressional majority is likewise close, does not sufficiently attempt to educate the public as to our needs, and thus falls short of the courageous national (*i.e.*, "political") leadership evinced in his campaign. A recent *New York Times* editorial was severely critical of the White House strategy in handling school aid. The lead article in the September *Harper's*, by Hobart Rowen of *Newsweek*, not only decries the inadequacy of the President's economic program, but says the last word on the "political" subject: "In the first year of this Administration too much obeisance has been paid to political feasibility. If economists do not argue gently and forcefully for their programs, the goals they want to achieve may never become politically feasible. As for Mr. Kennedy himself, he has shown that he has a conservative streak. . . . But he is not an intractable person. . . . His liberal advisers hope that he will want a place in the history books more significant than being a better budget balancer than Eisenhower. If so, he would do well to recall the inspiring words of his inaugural address. At least, 'Let Us Begin'."

Another serious danger inherent in Professor Harris' article is this: No intelligent and responsible economist, and Professor Harris is both, can really be content with making statements limited to current political feasibility. Thus, although the first part of Professor Harris' article indicates that the President's program is inadequate on *economic* grounds, the latter parts do an about-face and seek to defend almost all of this program on the same *economic* grounds. Here, Professor Harris takes positions not reasonably consistent with his own excellent writings over the years, and in substantial discord with some excellent efforts by the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

The Council of Economic Advisers deserves much credit for insisting that a full and enduring solution of our vast and chronic unemployment problem depends primarily upon powerful general measures to bring public outlays and private consumption better into line with our ever-increasing ability to produce, and to correct fundamental imbalances in the economy which still remain after having spawned a very poor economic performance during the past eight years. The Council has resisted the tendency, even within the Administration, to attribute too large a part of the unemployment to so-called "structural" deficiencies in the labor force, this attribution being coupled with erroneous assurances that the retraining of workers can now become a major attack upon "hard-core" unemployment. While some retraining of workers is desirable, the chronic problem of unused resources will never be solved until, by powerful general measures both public and private, we create *a total volume* of economic activity large enough to provide as many job opportunities as there are people in the labor force, less minimum or frictional unemployment. Yet Professor Harris,

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despite his recognition of the need for all forms of attack, is driven by his "political" apologia to place far too much relative weight on limited structural approaches, and indeed says that Washington is overstressing general measures (which he elsewhere concedes to be too frail).

Second, Professor Harris, who very recently was writing soundly that unemployment by the end of 1962 might be nearly as high as recently, and that we might have another inventory recession in 1963, now heaps paeans of praise on the recovery to date. He cites the pace of the upturn in production from first to second quarter 1961, a period too short to be very meaningful, and not very encouraging in any event when one looks at it in the broad perspective of trends since 1953.

Measuring the current recovery properly by the test of how close it is bringing us toward reasonably full utilization of manpower and other productive resources on a sustainable basis (rather than measuring it improperly by the absolute index of the upturn in production from a recessionary base), the recovery to date has not been substantially more satisfactory than the two upturns after recessions under Eisenhower. No real dent has been made upon unemployment, which has remained higher and immovable for longer during the latest upturn than during any of the previous "recoveries" since World War II. If one compares production estimates for 1961 as a whole with 1960, the rate of economic growth from year to year is indicated to be disturbingly low, especially considering the enormous amount of unused resources and the rate of advance required to reach full employment and production.

What Happens to Public Services?

At the start of his article, Professor Harris indicates that he would favor a $10 billion deficit, if it seemed politically feasible. But later on, he says that the possibility of an intensification of the Cold War adds support to the President's program, in that "excessive [sic] commitments on welfare outlays, and a tax cut, if added to later security outlays, might have put an excessive burden on the budget." In this connection, he cites that the deficit in fiscal 1962 might go even higher than $5 billion. But this trepidation is inconsistent, on economic grounds, with the $10 billion figure which Harris himself has popularized. And if some future strain upon our economic resources should be allowed to lead to continued impoverishment of essential welfare outlays, rather than to cutbacks in nonessential civilian luxuries (through higher taxes), what becomes of the argument which Harris and Galbraith and others have so soundly been advancing with respect to the inescapable priorities of our essential public services? If liberal economists like Harris lower the flag on our essential public needs, in order to provide a shortsighted political rationalization for inadequate national policies, who is to raise it again? And who will be available to help the President next year, against the forces which will improperly use increased defense spending to fight measures put forward to advance the general welfare?

Professor Harris is really fighting a strawman when he devotes about half of his article to answering presumed allegations that the Kennedy Administration does not compare particularly favorably with President Eisenhower and Secretary Humphrey. Other critics and I have not said literally that the Kennedy Administration is no improvement. We recognize some improvements in programs, great improvements in leadership and general economic philosophy, and huge improvements in the ringing declarations written into speeches by the President and others. But looking at substance rather than language, we have insisted that, measured against the size of the improvements required in view of the domestic and worldwide situation, the programs thus far advanced by the President (even if adopted in full) offer no reasonable assurance that our long-range economic performance in future will average much better than during the past eight years, or that an inadequate recovery will not again be followed by stagnation and recession. If we are to be guided by the "pragmatism" which is now the Administration's hallmark, I submit that the actual facts of our economic life thus far give much weight to this dismal conclusion.

Finally, in his comparisons between the Roosevelt and Truman periods and the current period, Professor Harris has overlooked one crucial matter. Under Roosevelt and Truman, economists and other intellectuals close to the President not only told the President privately where in their judgment his programs were inadequate, but also put forward publicly (the President assenting) educational statements designed to expand the frontiers of our economic thinking, instead of comforting those who wished to do less. This is our great heritage from those times, even though the specific content of economic thinking has advanced since then.

Despite all that we hear today about the bold and independent thinking that the President wants to encourage (and I believe he does), some of the intellectuals close to him are using their wits to rationalize what they know to be unsatisfactory rather than to push toward what they know to be right. To be sure, the President needs to exercise "political" judgment at every stage. But he needs also to balance the "political" risks of proposing adequate programs against the national and worldwide risks of accepting weaker programs. When economists soften their economic findings in terms of their own political judgments, they offer the President what he does not need from them.

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Political Settlement in Europe

by Leo Szilard

In his address to the United Nations on September 26, President Kennedy said that "if anyone doubts the extent to which our presence is desired by the people of West Berlin, we are ready to have this question submitted to a free vote. . . ." One may agree with the President that if the Berlin issue is going to be settled by an uneasy compromise – which may be regarded as just, but only because it is equally bad for all concerned – the people of West Berlin would want American troops to remain in the city. But if they were offered, as an alternative, a satisfactory political settlement, that both East and West would want to maintain in force, and that would make their city a livable place – then the people of West Berlin would prefer to cast their vote for it. If the continued presence of American troops in West Berlin is going to be necessary, in order to safeguard a novel precarious solution, then the Berlin issue will have remained unresolved.

Because I, personally, am convinced that the Berlin issue cannot be resolved in a satisfactory manner except within the framework of a general political settlement in Europe, I propose to examine here what such a settlement may involve. To this end it is necessary to recognize that, *in regard to Europe*, the true long-term goal of the United States and of the Soviet Union is exactly the same; this goal is to have Europe as stable as possible.

It is necessary to recognize too that there are difficulties inherent in the German problem with which one would have to cope, even if the Soviet Union were willing to accept any reasonable proposal which the United States might choose to put forward. In order to analyze these difficulties I shall adopt – for the sake of argument – the premise that East Germany, as well as West Germany, would be recognized as a sovereign state, and that there would be set up some sort of a federation between them.

At the outset this federation might be a very loose one, and we may assume that its governing body would be barred from taking action on substantive issues, except with 50 percent, or more, of the East German votes, as well as 50 percent or more, of the West German votes.

From this point on, the development may then go in either of two directions, depending on whether –

(a) the federation would be kept a very loose one and would represent an attempt to perpetuate the division of Germany, or;

(b) the federation would be permitted to become, step-by-step, more tightly knit, leading to a truly united Germany in the predictable future.

Let us now examine the dangers to Europe inherent in each of these two, "opposite," solutions of the German problem.

(a) If it became apparent that the loose federation of the two German states merely serves the purpose of perpetuating the division of Germany, then, more likely than not, the unification of Germany would soon emerge as a political objective upon which all Germans may unite. If East Germany, as well as West Germany, were both set up as sovereign states (with both of them, perhaps, admitted to membership in the United Nations), then an armed uprising in East Germany against the established government could well seriously endanger the peace of Europe. In case of such an armed uprising, Soviet troops might cross the border of East Germany in support of the established government, West German troops might intervene in support of the insurgents, and the ensuing international conflict might lead to an all-out war.

If there is a political settlement in Europe which promotes the industrial development of East Germany and which is conducive to a political liberalization in East Germany, then, within a few years, the established East German Government may be able to count on the support of a substantial minority, even though perhaps not a majority, of the population of East Germany. When that time comes, there would then be no further need to station Soviet troops on East German territory. Until then, however, the stationing of Soviet troops on East German territory, at the request of and in agreement with the established East German Government,

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might be the only safe way for the securing of the peace in that region of the world.

(b) If the federation were to lead to a truly united Germany within the predictable future then, more likely than not, the recovery of the territories lost to Poland would emerge as a political objective on which all Germans may unite.

These days one may hear in West Germany that the recovery of these territories is a major political objective, but that it must not be accomplished by the use of force. This is a rather peculiar qualification, as long as there is no way of accomplishing the return of these territories – except through the use of force. What may be meant is that there will be no need for the use of force, because the threat of force may suffice.

Guaranteeing the Oder-Neisse line by the United States would be almost meaningless, as long as America has to rely on NATO, of which Germany is an integral part. Nor would either Britain or France be likely to render military assistance to Poland against Germany, even if they were legally obliged to do so.

As long as Russia remains in possession of atomic and hydrogen bombs, and Germany has no such bombs, Russia might be in a position to protect Poland. But this

On the Point of Honor

In a recent column Mr. George Sokolsky says that the American people must either be "ready and willing to get into nuclear war" or else be "(1) isolated or (2) conquered or (3) reduced to an ignoble status." On the same day the *New York Times*, still hopeful of peace, urged a "course of decency and honor." On the previous day James Reston was able to report that President Kennedy's aim for Berlin was simply "the genuine preservation of its freedom and the preservation of the honor of the United States." The Vice President, Lyndon Johnson, has pledged "our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

One seldom hears of private affairs of honor these days, but the honor of nations is legion. As a matter of fact, the sense of national honor reached its modern ascendance just about the time in history that private dueling was on the way out. It even supplied an argument against the duel. Thus a tract against dueling in 1792 recommends another "noble theater . . . for the display of generous valour . . . I mean the defense of our country, when attacked by an insidious and ambitious foe."

Honor originally meant fame, especially the reputation for courage and sheer physical prowess. But in the Socratic and Christian tradition honor came to mean the love of virtue for its own sake. The original sense of honor implied ambition. Christianity preached against worldly fame and ambition. A compromise was in order: honor became the reputation of virtue. The code of honor gradually became entirely defensive. By the end of the 18th Century one might possibly defend one's reputation by force, but never compel someone else to defend his. Thus Mr. Sokolsky's sense of honor is more primitive, and that of the *Times* more civilized.

Honor is a promise to govern oneself in some agreed way. It is self-imposed virtue. One undertakes to make *oneself* behave in a certain way. Honor can be shared only with those who share the particular ideals to which it is devoted. Clearly the Vice President's pledge is addressed to the West Berliners, not to the Russians. The words from the Declaration of Independence are "we *mutually* pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

Honor is a particular kind of pledge, distinguished by the particular kind of security it offers. That security is life itself. One offers to die rather than abridge one's promise. The strong emotion that is thus attached to an ideal is curiously the reverse of most emotions. Instead of longing to possess or embrace something, this emotion thrives on the possibility of losing everything. Pacificists who compare the deliberately programmed Berlin crisis to a game of "chicken" on the highways are actually suggesting that there is something pathological about honor. But men of all persuasions must concede that honor deeply stirs the blood. The proof in history is that men have given their lives for so many conflicting ideals. The atom bomb has made "I'd rather be Red than dead" a peculiarly contemporary sentiment. But the opposite sentiment, "I'd rather be dead than Red" – or black or white – is as old as civilization.

A poor gentleman is well known to be more sensitive to honor than a rich gentlemen, who can afford to be free with his reputation. Thus pride compensates for riches, and riches for pride. In international affairs, similarly, the sense of honor can compensate for real strength. Hence we hear most of honor in connection with Berlin, where our physical position is all but untenable. Honor flourishes on narrow grounds. The nicer the principles for which one pledges one's life, the higher the tension of the commitment.

ALEXANDER WELSH

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would no longer be the case if Germany were to become a major atomic power.

The political aspirations of a united Germany for the recovery of territories lost to Poland would not need, however, to lead to trouble, if there were no atomic bombs or hydrogen bombs under German control, or if the economic integration of Western Europe were accompanied by far-reaching political integration. If there were far-reaching political integration in Western Europe, then the rest of the European nations might be able politically to restrain Germany from pursuing political aspirations that are not shared by the other Western European nations. Moreover, if peace in Europe were maintained for another generation, then the political set of values of the Germans might undergo a substantial change and the recovery of the territories lost to Poland might then no longer loom as large as it does at present.

* * *

Assuming that at the outset a confederation would be set up between East Germany and West Germany, it could be, step by step, transformed into a closely-knit federation, as the obstacles which stand in the way of unification of Germany disappear one by one – provided that the Soviet Union were to go along with such a development. I have posed myself the question: Under what conditions may we expect the Soviet Union to do so?

It is not likely that such a settlement could be obtained by protracted horse-trading between the United States and the Soviet Union. Rather, such horse-trading may be expected to follow the course of least resistance and to end up with a compromise that takes the United States and the Soviet Union off the hook, but leaves the people of Berlin in the lurch. For, if – in the absence of a genuine political accommodation – free communication between East Berlin and West Berlin is not established on an enduring basis and if the people living in West Berlin have no free access to adjacent East German territory, so that they can at least spend their weekends outside of the city, West Berlin is going to wither away.

The United States has certain privileges in West Berlin, by right of conquest, and if she keeps on insisting on these rights she may well get her pound of flesh – at the cost of West Berlin bleeding to death.

In the face of the difficulties inherent in the German problem, it is *not possible* to devise a political settlement today which will *guarantee* a peaceful evolution in Europe. The best one can do in this regard is to leave the door open for such an evolution. I am attempting to outline here a political settlement which might accomplish this, in the form of the following "package":

(1) *Both East Germany and West Germany shall be recognized as sovereign states and there shall be no limitation placed upon their freedom to federate with each other, with the following exceptions: East Germany and West Germany may not merge their defense and foreign policy, as long as, directly or indirectly, West Germany remains allied with the United States and East Germany remains allied with the Soviet Union. Further, private property in the West German state must not be nationalized except through the action of the administration (or the action of the representatives) of the West German state and property publicly owned or controlled, in East Germany must not be returned to private ownership, except through the action of the administration (or the action of the representatives) of the East German state.*

The Soviet Union may be expected to be concerned that a united Germany might be formed which is militarily allied with the West. She ought to be given assurances that if Germany is unified, she will be neutral, and perhaps demilitarized as well. Accordingly, since at present West Germany is an integral part of NATO, as long as the United States wishes to maintain NATO and West Germany is willing to remain in it, there can be no merger of the two German states, with regard to defense and foreign policy.

The Soviet Union may be expected to be concerned about the return to private ownership of the property at present owned and controlled by the East German state and she may need to have assurances that the socialist economy of East Germany would not be dismantled after East Germany becomes part of a federated Germany. The treaty setting up a federation between the West German state and the East German state should therefore contain a provision that would offer guarantees in this regard.

It would be desirable, of course, to go beyond such a "paper guarantee." If labor and industry in West Germany were to understand the nature of this problem and were then to reach the conclusion that they would be willing to have state ownership of the means of production endure in East Germany, this would offer a much more reliable assurance to the Soviet Union than any "paper guarantee."

(2) *Both East Germany and West Germany shall become members of the United Nations.*

(3) *The Soviet Union, the United States, Britain and France shall recognize the Oder-Neisse line, as the legal boundary of Poland.*

(4) *East Germany shall shift its capital from East Berlin to, say, Leipzig or Dresden and both East Berlin and West Berlin shall be set up as a free city – with free communications between them. These two cities shall each have the same neutral status as Austria, except that if the majority of each of these two cities should vote in a plebiscite, held under the supervision of the United Nations, for merging both free cities with*

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East Germany, such a merger shall take place. The first such plebiscite shall be held in 10 years, and thereafter, at the request of East Germany, such a plebiscite shall be held every 10 years.

The free cities of East and West Berlin could form a loose federation and we may assume that – to start with – the governing body of this federation would be barred from taking action on any substantive issues except with 50 percent or more of the votes of the representatives of West Berlin and 50 percent, or more, of the votes of the representatives of East Berlin. In spite of such a limitation, this governing body could adopt a number of measures which could improve the living conditions in Berlin and raise the *status* of the entire city.

About three years ago I spent several months in West Berlin. There was no telephone communication between East Berlin and West Berlin at that time. People could freely cross over from one half of the city to the other, but taxicabs could not cross the dividing line. There was good theater both in East Berlin and in West Berlin, and people crossed the line in order to go to the theater. It was very difficult, however, to find out in West Berlin what was playing in the theaters of East Berlin, because the West Berlin papers did not carry this information, and there were no posters on display. I imagine the situation in East Berlin was quite similar.

Once the two Berlins cease to be pawns in the Cold War, Berlin could again become a great cultural center; its theaters and concert halls might once more attract visitors from all over the world, as they did for a short period of time between the two World Wars.

The issue of stationing foreign troops in the free cities need not arise – just as it has never arisen in the case of Austria – if there is a political settlement which both the Soviet Union and the United States would wish to keep in force.

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If the loose federation between East Germany and West Germany gradually evolves into a unified Germany, then at some point along the road, the inhabitants of the free cities of East Berlin and West Berlin might prefer that the two cities be merged into one city and be part of East Germany. It seems advisable to leave the door open for such a development.

(5) *The two free cities shall each be permitted to build, if they desire to do so, two elevated highways, one connecting the city with West Germany and the other with Poland. Traffic in East Germany shall cross these highways through underpasses. As long as the two free cities remain in existence, East Germany shall yield sovereignty on these highways to the corresponding free city, but East Germany shall retain sovereignty in the underpasses and in the air above the highways.*

Since the two free cities are located within East German territory, there is a possible conflict between free access to them and the sovereignty of the East German state. The desire to reduce the likelihood of such a conflict, might induce the two free cities to build such elevated highways.

(6) *Migration from East Germany to West Germany or vice versa shall be free – within limits – and be based upon an agreed upon quota for each category of emigrant. Until such time as East Germany and West Germany agree upon the quotas, there shall be set a flat quota of three percent, for each category of emigrants. In order to enable East Germany to exercise adequate control over the entry of persons, from East Germany into East Berlin, the relevant railroad junctions located in East Berlin shall be shifted to adjacent East German territory.*

Migration from East Germany to West Germany in the last few years represented a steady flow of somewhat less than one percent of the population of East Germany per year. A migration of this magnitude could be regarded as almost normal if it were not for the fact that it was uneven; a very large fraction of doctors and other professionals were leaving East Germany.

Unique to this migration of doctors, in comparison to migration, say, from the continent of Europe to England or from New York to California, was the fact that West Germany did not set a limit on the number of doctors and other professionals she was willing to accept. If migration from East Germany to West Germany were evenly distributed over all categories of people, a quota perhaps as high as three percent could be tolerated.

If there is an adequate political settlement, the easiest way to control migration is through the cooperation of the two German states. If there were a satisfactory agreement on the regulation of migration, then there would be no need for East Germany to control the entry of persons into East Berlin from East Germany.

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In the absence of an agreement on migration, East Germany might have to exercise such a control. But if East Berlin is no longer the capital of East Germany, the number of East Germans who have to go to East Berlin on business would be greatly reduced, and it would become possible for East Germany to exercise adequate control – provided that the relevant railway junctions which are now located in East Berlin are shifted to adjacent East German territory.

(7) *East Germany, West Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia shall not produce atomic weapons or means specifically suitable for the delivery of such weapons.*

(8) *The Soviet Union, the United States, England and France shall not transfer atomic weapons or means specifically suitable for the delivery of such weapons to East German, West German, Polish or Czechoslovakian control.*

(9) *Atomic weapons originating in the United States, as well as the corresponding means for their delivery, shall not be stationed on the continent of Europe, except under the physical control of American military units operating under direct American command. Similarly, atomic weapons originating in the Soviet Union, as well as the corresponding means for their delivery, shall not be stationed on the continent of Europe – outside the territory of the Soviet Union – except under the direct physical control of Soviet military units under Soviet command.*

The Soviet Union may be expected to be concerned about Germany becoming an atomic power by the back door, so to speak, through her participation in NATO and a package of this sort would be much more attractive for the USSR, if it gave assurances in this regard.

* * *

Whether a package of this sort may be acceptable to Washington I would not know, and if I knew I would not be free to say.

Shifting of the capital of East Germany from Berlin to some other East German city might be hard for Russia to accept. Yet there is no other way to arrive at an enduring political settlement that would reliably detach West Berlin from West Germany.

Whether the Russians could be convinced that what I have proposed here ought to be acceptable to them, I would not venture to predict. I can, however, say, with a fair degree of assurance, that if the Soviet Union were to offer such a package, then she could accept President Kennedy's challenge and demand that the people of West Berlin be given a free choice between it and some precarious compromise that would need to be safeguarded by the continued presence of American troops in Berlin.

The Bowles Affair

by Richard Robbins

I. An Old Friend Reappears

When Henry Fairington telephoned to invite me to lunch I could not repress a feeling of surprise. I should have supposed myself inured to the unexpected. I have encountered, after all, during many years at the bar in New York, again in the maze of academic power that is Harvard Yard, and now in the higher bureaucracy in Washington, a succession of events so extraordinary they would seem fictional were they not, in some curious way, true. Still, Henry Fairington, after so many years. . . . I knew he wanted something of me. But what?

Straightaway he came to the point. He had a way of doing that, coming at you abruptly, his brilliant eyes ruthless and at the same time rather gentle. He had got his chance of course during the war. Surprisingly, he had taken it. And to the chagrin of those who did not take him at his word, he moved steadily up the ladder of power. At the top rung now, an Undersecretary in a well-known Department, he held the reins of power with authority. And yet was I wrong to see in him a certain flawed quality, a loss of nerve when the "chips" were down. Whereas I, an Assistant Secretary in Works and Services, a man of less prestige but of greater discernment, came off as a sounder judge of men and their intentions. In the last analysis I could, one might say, pull it off. Henry Fairington, for all his brilliance, could not. Suddenly I saw, in one of those moments of insight that come to men accustomed to the thrust and parry of power, that Fairington needed me more than I needed him. I waited, saying nothing. His demarche, I

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speculated, would not be long in coming.

"Look Austin" – Fairington spoke in that oddly guarded tone that men of substance sometimes cultivate over the phone – "I know it's been years. I don't ask you, of course, to resume a friendship that's dead. What's done's done. But I've an urgent piece of business. Urgent."

I decided at once that he was alluding to a crisis in our "friendship" some years before. We were both young lawyers then, lacking in a certain refinement of judgment and, somehow, Fairington had contrived to fall in love with my first wife. We had quarrelled. There had been hard words. We had, in the end, broken off. Listening to him now I wondered how I could have been affected by the incident.

"I take your point," I said. As a matter of fact I had not.

"To get down to business," he said. "It's about Chester Bowles, you see, at State. I put it to you baldly: the President is on the point of letting him go. A bad show all around. The point is Austin, damn it, if Bowles is fired why our foreign policy stays safe, stodgy – all that. Bowles stands for something. A touch of innovation you might say. I agree he overdoes this 'rising expectations of the people of Asia and Africa' business. All right. He may be the wrong peg as well for a job that's not his cup of tea at all, organization. Yes, I suppose you could say all that and still be fair. But the fact is that Bowles means liberalism. I count myself a liberal, Austin, a pragmatic liberal. I've no right to pry into your politics. Still I've no reason to believe you've chucked the liberal view, gone over to the other side. Don't you see! A small group of us mean to 'spike' this. You have got to throw in with us. We meet tomorrow, lunch, at the Senators and Sybarites, one-thirty. See here, you know the exhilaration and the despair of power better than any of us. Will you come in?"

I did not say anything for a moment. I found myself "ticked off" at the crudeness in Fairington's tactic. Why should I do it after all? I knew as well as any man the hazards in seeking to persuade a John Kennedy, young in years but a master politician, without a peer in cutting through the ambiguities of power. And suppose it were all nonsense, Bowles just not right for a particular job and the President assigning him elsewhere. I could not exclude that.

Fairington took my silence unaccountably for hesitation.

"I think I know what's on your mind," he said. "You're thinking suppose it's all nonsense, Bowles just not right for a particular job and the President assigning him elsewhere."

I smiled. How well we knew each other. Not only Fairington but Archer, Hornblow, Forsythe – all of us who had been together and seen so much in the New Deal days early on. In a curious way we were as alike as we were different.

"I hadn't thought that at all," I said. Obviously I had no intention of showing my hand. And yet why not gamble? "As a matter of fact I've decided to come in. But what can I do? I should say it's a *fait accompli*."

"No. I won't take that," Fairington broke in. The curious thing was I thought he would seize upon my remark as a means of backing out himself. But no. He was ready to take the risk as I. Perhaps he had become a different sort of man. The thought occurred to me that worldly men, even men of affairs, will not contract out so easily as we are disposed to believe. Suddenly I felt sobered.

Fairington, his task accomplished, hung up. I should have thought him capable of concluding on a more personal note. We had, at one time, been close, or rather as close as two men of wholly different temper can ever be. I turned from my desk and gazed out the window. The next few days would be decisive. No one could doubt that. My eye lit on the White House, bathed in a curious glow in the late afternoon. The President, I thought, must be deep in the same fascinating subject as I, the contingencies of power among men. Suddenly, thinking of the Bowles case, of how our work would be cut out for us, I was reminded of a remark of Forsythe's, made long before he reached the pinnacle of his fame during those fateful years on the Bituminous Board. Power erupts, he had said, and absolute power erupts absolutely.

II. Remarks at a Troubled Luncheon

I went round straightaway next day to the Senators and Sybarites. Coming into the low, dark-paneled dining room, I recognized Fairington at once, seated at a corner table with two other men. He had not changed; he looked older without having managed, in some curious way, to lose his youth. The brilliant eyes had not lost a hooded quality which had dazzled colleagues at Harvard Yard, myself included, years before. I hesitated at the threshold. I did not, when one came down to it, know Fairington's friends. I confess my sensibilities are close to the skin. If Fairington had wanted my counsel why was he disposed to bring others into the game? I felt a sense of irritation, then annoyance. I glanced away to the dark walls with their pictures of Jefferson, Lincoln, the two Roosevelts. What had happened to Truman's picture?

"Well!" Fairington cried out from the corner. "Austin! I must say you've not changed. Come on! I want you to meet two friends." He had a habit, which I had often observed, of concealing his inner thoughts behind a screen of ordinary sentences. He had picked it up during his years with the Marshall Plan. It was

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odd he should fall back on it now. Fairington introduced us: "Austin Endicott, Steward Windom, Arthur Ausebel." As it turned out we knew one another well enough. Windom was a tall, lean man, impeccably dressed. He had had a remarkable career as a journalist, had thrown down a formidable power to return to the Missouri School of Journalism, and then had come back to Washington, more formidable than ever, to write a distinguished column for the *New York Globe*. Like many men who are found standing next to the seats of power he was inclined to mask a grave outlook in metaphors of sport. In the midst of a portentous column he would write, "De Gaulle appears to have struck out with the bases loaded." I knew at once Windom would be immensely valuable. How had Fairington managed to bring it off?

As for Ausebel, a short, stocky man who somehow gave the appearance of great height, I found him equally arresting. He had had a meteoric career, first in law, later in government. During the war he became a sort of "grey eminence" in the OPA. His star of course had gone down during the Eisenhower years. Now he had returned, as blunt and direct as ever, to a high position in the Executive Office. He would be enormously valuable. Yet curiously he had never married. I speculated about the *idee fixe* that stocky men of great power do not marry. In my experience the opposite is usually true.

I decided now to bluff at the very outset. I had to let them know I had got most of the story already. We had to save time. Still, I took a chance they might be driven to anger by the little joke I had prepared.

"I see," I said casually, "that Chester is at the point of being Bowled over." Then I waited. Would they stick in the heels?

Fairington and Windom smiled. That was, by my count, two of three. Ausebel did not. He looked in fact a little grim. Entangled nearly all his adult life in the nets and cobwebs of power, he had somehow lost the capacity to let down his prudence easily. One felt he would let us know his intentions – but in his own time and never with a show of humor. For my part, I thought, I should not have chosen him as a tennis partner.

Fairington quickly came to the rescue. "Exactly right, Austin," he said, "but let's get on with it." And with that remarkable talent he had for rephrasing the news in the language of journalism, he presented a review of the situation. We bent to the task of listening.

"Naturally, we all felt the President's choice of Undersecretary of State to be ideal. His job was to be *of* the organization but not *in* it. You all know that. He was to feed new ideas into the bureaucracy, ways of helping underdeveloped nations and strengthening our position among the neutral nations – without the machinery sucking him in, as it were." Suddenly, for no apparent reason, he changed metaphors. "But we have it on good authority," he went on, nodding discreetly at Ausebel, "that the President now thinks horse and rider are going off in different directions. Well, the short of it is that yesterday the President had Bowles to lunch and told him in so many words he had got to resign. The story's about to break in all the papers. And now, gentlemen, it's up to us."

The problem, as Fairington saw it with uncommon clarity, was somehow to persuade the President to reverse a decision already made. It would not be easy. We all knew that. The President's press conference would surely take place on Wednesday. It came down to this: action, damn it, and no regrets. Fairington seemed oddly confident. We had not counted on that.

"I'm sorry," Windom broke in, grinning in that stiff way of his, the head thrown back so that one could no longer see the high, domed forehead. I saw in that gesture why he had been unpopular among his colleagues in the OSS. And yet in a special sense he was trying to be kind. "I'm sorry, Henry. I'm pressed for time. I take it my role is to blow the whole wretched business wide open. Trust me to plant the rousing pro-Bowles editorials in *The Globe* and the . . . well, the 'do-gooder' press." He meant to be curt. And he was.

Fairington could not help replying:

"I respect your views Steward. If I may say so, I always have. But you're forgetting one thing. Your liberal weeklies will not come out until *after* the press conference. I should have thought you would see that." It seemed an astonishing point to raise. A more subtle man, I thought, should have tried another tack. Why should Fairington act the *flaneur*?

Windom glanced at me, the cynical eyebrows eloquent. There was no question he would "handle" Fairington. "I accept that," he said. I waited for him to sink his shaft. He allowed himself a faint touch of asperity:

"It is necessary you know, Henry, to keep supporting Bowles *after* the press conference's come and gone. As a matter of fact" – I watched him hesitate but only for an instance – "even more so." He got up swiftly in that way he had of rising from his chair, nodded, and went out. I thought of nodding back, and then let that pass.

Fairington did not go under. But would he score a point?

"Steward will come through," he said. Then he winked in that curious way he had of closing one eye. "As a matter of fact," he went on, "I should expect him to put the ball squarely between the posts from 40 yards out." He had taken the plunge, of course, thrown down his little parody of Windom's column to persuade us that he, Fairington, remained in control. And he had been dead right.

But it had been an awkward situation. Ausebel, to his credit, pulled it out.

"For my part," he said, "I'm prepared to write *tout*

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coup to every prominent liberal in the book. I don't pretend to like it. Not a bit. And you understand my obligations to the White House. Still, I'm disposed to go ahead. There's substance in what Fairington has been saying all along: Bowles stands for something, a bit of fresh air in a Department that can stand more of it. I'm with you. As a matter of fact I've brought here the draft of a note to Stevenson at the United Nations. We ask him, discreetly of course, to intervene in Bowles' behalf."

"Good, Arthur," said Fairington. Looking at him I noticed how his uneasiness had fallen away. "That leaves Austin and myself," he went on. For myself I'm in up to the hilt. None of you can doubt that. I suggest to you, all the same, I've got an official position. It can't be compromised. Let me be quite clear. I have got to play a rather ambiguous part, behind the scenes as it were. I am too close to Bowles. What's more he's too close to me." He was one of those men so persuasive in manner that one believed him of an instant.

At last I said:

"It's no good, Henry, it's you who must be *parti pris*. I suppose no one is better equipped than you to "get to" men of substance in the Cabinet, on Committees, on the Hill." I let the words sink in slowly.

"No," he said, "with all due respect, it's you, Austin, who've made the reputation for cool work of this sort, for *liaison*, if I may say so. As I see it you must see Bowles and persuade him that it makes sense to keep the title and yet surrender a bit of the power of the office of Undersecretary. At the same time" – I watched him intently as he packed and lit his pipe – "you have got to persuade the President, discreetly of course, to ask George Ball to come over from Economic Affairs and shoulder some of the responsibility of Undersecretary. Do you see, Ball takes over a bit of the power of the office but not the actual title. I call it" – he searched for the word he wanted – "a compromise."

I saw at a stroke that he was right. Fairington's *demarche* would allow everyone to get off with a measure of satisfaction. And yet I knew that in a curious sense no one would come off wholly satisfied. For an instant I felt remorse, even regret. I went on:

"I'm afraid I must agree with you, Henry. I'll do it. But don't get your hopes up too high." That was bold. Could I make good on it?

"Thank you, Austin. If all of us do the job as it should be done there can be only one answer at the President's press conference on Wednesday. Reston of course should put the question. I'm compelled to say the query must come from *The Times*. We've a good chance."

"And now," he said, turning to the waiter, "I should like to present a bottle to signal the reunion of Austin and myself in this restaurant."

III. A Press Conference in the Afternoon

We had arranged, of course, to meet at my office on Wednesday. The sun, slanting into the room through the venetian blinds, produced a strange barlike effect. The television set, on for a quarter of an hour, hummed with a curious intensity as the picture showed the Presidential seal. We sat quietly, our chairs turned, of course, toward the set. If we had won we would soon know it. We all saw that. I glanced at the others. Fairington's eyes seemed strained and yet somehow serene. Windom was, as usual, cool in a curiously animated way. Ausebel tapped his cigar into the ashtray. He did not need to be told that if we had won we would soon know it. He is going to throw down a little joke of his own, I thought.

"I put it to you," he said affectionately, looking straight at Windom, "would you say we are on the six yard line, fourth down coming up?"

"I do not admit for a second that our blocking back, Austin, will fail," Windom said. It is astonishing to me that men such as Windom, who live so close to the quicksands and swamps of power, can summon up reserves of wit when one would have supposed them to be tight with anxiety.

"Gentlemen, if you please." Fairington had broken in. He pointed to the set. Yes, a reporter was asking the President about "Mr. Bowles." No, it was *not* Reston of *The Times*. Could something have gone wrong? One tries to do a job because one believes in something; and one sees the thing thrown over by some mischance at the last moment.

At last the President spoke: reserved, confident, informed. Our fears melted away. Of course he, the President, had every confidence in Secretary Bowles' ability, else he would not have appointed him. Mr. Bowles would continue to serve in his present capacity. But the President would not hesitate to assign the Undersecretary to any other post if that would serve the national interest. . . . Ausebel rose swiftly, advanced to the television set and turned it off. For a moment we faced each other, indulging the luxury of broad half smiles. Ausebel and Windom strode out of the room. Suddenly Fairington came across the room, shook my hand for an instant, and walked out. I looked out the window. A curious, wetlike rain had begun to fall, obscuring the White House. We had won of course. Bowles would stay. Or did Fairington mean to say in grasping my hand for a moment that we had won only in the sense that every contest of power is both a victory and a defeat? I felt a sharp pang. Fairington, speaking from the door, restored my spirits at a stroke.

"Well, Austin, I think we've learned something. I think it comes to this: the winds of power do blow, after all, in more than one direction."

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Mary McCarthy's Vision of Reality

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The title of Miss McCarthy's collection of essays suggests an arbitrary *contra mundum* attitude. Her target, however, is less what people think than what they think they think; her obsession is with the contrast between reality and the fashionable images of reality, whether in politics, magazines, plays or novels. Reality, as she sees it, exists in the spontaneities and unpredictabilities of human experience. Yet all of us, she supposes, are engaged for a multitude of reasons in a conspiracy to escape reality, to tame and falsify it. Mankind evidently *can* live by cliché alone. Miss McCarthy's effort is to get us off the stuff and restore the capacity

On the Contrary
by Mary McCarthy
(Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4.50)

for individual perception. She does this, as ever, with immense wit, charm and style. The result is a singularly bracing antitoxin to contemporary cant.

Her first section, a dozen essays under the rubric "Politics and the Social Scene," sets forth a variety of ways in which ideology corrupts perception. "America the Beautiful," her marvellous account of her efforts to explain America to Simone de Beauvoir, is one of the best pieces written about the United States this century. Miss McCarthy finds the platitudes of the existentialist and of the advertising man equally trying. Everybody "knows" that America is the most materialistic civilization in the world: Look at radio, look at advertising, look at life insurance, look at the Frigidaires and the Fords. "In answer," Miss McCarthy writes, "the reader is invited first to look instead into his own heart and inquire whether he personally feels himself to be represented by these things. . . . Who has ever met, outside of advertisements, a true parishioner of this church of Mammon?" Miss McCarthy's central assertion is that "the virtue of American civilization is that it is unmaterialistic," its essence is the "spiritual conquest of matter." She does not carry this claim to a point of sentimentality; indeed, she explains at length how this aspect of American society creates political and aesthetic difficulties; but she sharply resists the effort to assimilate her America into any form of conventional wisdom.

Several of her political essays deal with the fantasies of the time of the other McCarthy. Again she concentrates on the gap between pat abstraction and empirical reality. "Advocates of the curtailment of liberties tend to reason in broad scholastic syllogisms; they seldom feel it necessary to show, concretely, how the exercise of a given liberty will endanger the body politic. . . . To argue these questions on theoretical grounds is to lose sight of common sense – the common sense which, after all, is the rationale of a democracy." But even facts provide no assurance of significance. In a comment on John Hersey's *Hiroshima*, she argues that its technique minimized the atomic bomb by treating it as though it belonged to a familiar order of catastrophes, like a hurricane or earthquake, and was in effect an expression of the continuity of life. "But with Hiroshima, where the continuity of life was, for the first time, put into question, and by man, the existence of any survivors is an irrelevancy, and the interview with the survivors is an insipid falsification of the truth of atomic warfare." In the end, she displays more faith in autobiography as a means of reaching social truth. The clinical dissection of her feelings during a set-to with an anti-Semitic colonel in "Artists in Uniform" shows her readiness to cast as cold an eye on herself as on anyone else; "My Confession" is a very funny memoir of her fleeting relations with the Communists.

If politics is one form of the evasion of reality, art may often be another. The last third of the book explains brilliantly how literature takes people away from the realities of experience – from character and event. (The middle third, I might add, consists of three essays on women – again variations, if a little fragmentary, on the general theme.) Miss McCarthy has some fun with symbolism as one form of flight from reality – with the notion that it is old-fashioned "to read a novel to find out what happens to the hero or to have a mere experience empty of symbolic pointers." What is so inadequate about "the natural symbolism of reality"? As Miss McCarthy puts it, "You cannot be a universal unless you accept the fact that you are a singular."

Her concern with the gap between contemporary literature and contemporary reality leads her to illuminating speculations about the future of the novel. She ventures the guess that the novel is in trouble today because its ruling passion is the love of "ordinary common truth," and this makes it "of all forms the least adapted to encompass the modern world, whose leading characteristic is irreality." The "souped-up" modern novels, she adds, with injections of myth and symbols to heighten or "deepen" the material, "are simply evasions and forms of self-flattery." Modern literature has lost interest in character; "the common world that lies between the contemporary reader and the contemporary author remains unexplored, almost undescribed, just as queer and empty a place as Dickens' world would be if he had spent eight years recording the impressions of Fagin or the sensory data received by Uriah Heep in the slithery course of a morning's walk."

Miss McCarthy's manner remains avant-garde, but her impact is now that of an old-fashioned, direct, no-nonsense critic. She has no patience

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with smart phoneyness, and her effort at the recovery of reality has generated a growing sympathy for the traditional virtues. Of course reality can never be separated from an individual's perception of it. Miss McCarthy's vision of reality has its share of distortions and illusions. Yet she has been unsparing in the effort to unmask her own clichés. I hope it will frighten no one away from this superbly entertaining volume if I describe it as possessing a genuinely *moral* quality. I think it does; and, whether or not one accepts the author's answers, one can benefit greatly by pondering her questions.

The Future Without Humanity

by J. M. Edelstein

The Papers of Andrew Melmoth is terrifying, and if it were not for Mr. Sykes Davies extraordinary style and skill as a novelist, it might have been merely a clever thriller on a depressing theme. To those of us who find it hard enough having to choose between "better dead than red" and "better red than dead," who would rather have it "better alive than anything," but who, if we read the newspapers with our breakfast, can almost taste the fall-out on our toast, it comes as a shock to read of a human being who chooses to be "better *dead* than anything." For that is, essentially, the decision that the hero of Mr. Sykes Davies book of science fiction makes, choosing to die in a way that allies him with what he believes will be the next ruling species.

The Papers of Andrew Melmoth
by Hugh Sykes Davies
(Morrow; $3.50)

Andrew Melmoth – a name taken, no doubt, from the hero of Charles Maturin's romantic novel of the last century – is a young and brilliant scientist, engaged, when we meet him, in research on the genetics of rats. After Melmoth's mysterious disappearance, his friends, worried and fearful, hope that they can piece together an explanation by examining his life story. This is done, in the form of a novel, by the friend, a writer, known only as H.S.D. (like the author – a nice touch, for it lends verisimilitude). The friends find clues in their memories of Melmoth, in shared experiences and in his papers, diaries and notebooks, where Melmoth had recorded his scientific experiments and his personal observations up until the time of his disappearance.

In his research, Melmoth makes the "disturbing" discovery of an extraordinary mutation in the habits of the common sewer rat. Telling H.S.D. about it, he says:"... as for rats in general, it's worth remembering that the average length of life, rate of development, and so on, including rate of reproduction, are all about thirty times as fast as the comparable human rates, so you'd expect genetic effects to show rather more quickly than they do with us. And as for sewer rats in particular, a lot of water goes through the sewers. Most of them act as main drains for rainfall as well as ordure – incidentally that makes them much nicer places than you'd imagine. And most of the radiation fall-out is in rain, so that the sewers get a specially strong dose of it. All of it is as improbable as you like, but not quite impossible – even a shade of likelihood that radiation fall-out might have affected the genetic make-up of sewer rats a little more obviously, a little more quickly, than any other animal or plant." Melmoth soon comes to believe that the sewer rats are not only acquiring immunity to nuclear fall-out, but are also progressing toward an eventual civilization and have already reached a stage of development almost parallel to that of the cave men.

Melmoth's almost hieratic sense of the disinterestedness of science, his lack of any normal self-interest, his overemphasis of the non-sentimental lead him to an understanding of the rats that he cannot have for his fellow men. He spends all of his time in the sewers, convinced not only of the fantastic rate of evolution of the rats because of the radioactivity concentrated there, but also of an insane and horrible doom for mankind. In one of the novel's most chilling passages, Melmoth explains his theory about nuclear tests having replaced war:

> "The whole game will go on much as before, but on balance it [tests] probably represents a real improvement in the condition of warfare. The destruction of property will be less – this will weigh heavily with the politicians. And as for the damage to life, it will at least be concealed more or less effectively. Casualties of radioactive fall-out aren't bloody messes on stretchers; they don't exist as individuals at all, only as statistics. When someone dies of leukemia, you can never say whether he might have died of it anyhow, or whether he's a casualty; you can only express the chances of one or the other as so many in so many thousands. The only possible kind of War Memorial will be a vast monument, minutely inscribed with the names of the whole human race, divided by a billion or so. As for the casualties resulting from genetic damage, they're even more effectively concealed, even more anonymous and faceless than the others, for they are put into the future itself. Some may actually be born without faces, but neither they (if they can speak) nor their parents will be able to reproach us very effectively. Suppose they take to ritual desecrations of politicians' tombs, they will find their occupants as faceless as their victims. It is by no means inconceivable that such rites may come

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into fashion, for one of the more probable results of genetic damage will be a sharp rise in mental disease. It's an exponential process. Every 'test' made is an act of insanity, and it increases the amount of insanity in the future, thus ensuring that more 'tests' will be made, producing still more insanity. . . ."

In the end, Melmoth simply does not come up from the sewers. His identification with the rats is complete. Referring to the book about rats on which he had been working, his last message, a note to the search parties looking for him in the sewers, is: ". . . leave me alone . . . I'm dead if you like, or gone away for good . . . the point now is not to tell you about them. It's to tell them about you."

It is interesting to compare, briefly, this fine novel with another visionary product of the British imagination, Allan Sillitoe's recent book of poetry, *The Rats*. In these poems, Mr. Sillitoe, already well-known as a novelist and short story writer, expresses an outright disgust for humanity and asserts that complete death is the fulfillment of life. He foresees, in the not-too-distant future, one maggot starting the life cycle all over again in the center of finality. Scientists, too, have observed the adaptability, intelligence and incipient social order of rats. J. B. S. Haldane, for one, considers a rat civilization possible if humanity destroys itself.

Andrew Melmoth's madness is not the *most* frightening aspect of Mr. Sykes Davies' novel; for we are left with his meaning that man no longer can make a choice. He is at the end of the line; the only direction, if any, is backward.

A Light Shining in Israel

by Frank Getlein

There's a venerable story about an ingathering of scholars commissioned to write definitive studies of all aspects of the elephant: The German did the etymology, the Briton the Care and Feeding, the Frenchman the Sex Life, the American the Marketing of Elephant Products. The essay of the Talmudic scholar was called "The Elephant and the Jewish Problem."

Jewish Art: An Illustrated History
edited by Cecil Roth
(McGraw-Hill; $14.95)

Inevitably there are places in *Jewish Art* where the elephant man seems to be high in the howdah, riding again. Besides a survey of Impressionism from the Jewish point of view, the work includes, as a fair example, written by the editor, an account of Raphael Mengs, Goya's early discoverer, on the ground that his father was a convert from Judaism to Christianity.

Such things are not really blemishes. They are unavoidable in the scope attempted. The book begins with "Palestinian Art Before the Israelite Conquest" – of Joshua – and winds up in the same place after the Israelite conquest of Ben Gurion. There is also the simply unanswerable question, Where do you draw the line? The book contains references to artistic assimilationists who had quite deliberately de-Judaized themselves, or had it done for them by their fathers. Yet throughout the book, and especially in the 20th Century, there does emerge something that can be called Jewish art – not *the* Jewish art, but a strain that seems to be related to the broad Jewish heritage, a heritage that takes in, among other things, the underdog irony and passive resistance of the east European *shtetl*, the burning indignation of the active social critic, and the strange combination of the two that is found in the prophets and the people of the Book.

The editor of *Jewish Art* draws his line readily enough: "To describe in this volume the artistic achievements in every medium of Jews and persons of Jewish birth, from the earliest times down to the present day, together with objects and buildings of specific Jewish ritual use, whether their authorship was probably Jewish or not." This is a formidable task, but it is successfully encompassed. Cecil Roth is Reader in Jewish Studies at Oxford and the editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia; his historical essays often appear, in this country, in *Commentary*. Twenty other scholars are involved. The Americans are Percival Goodman, the architect, Franz Landsberger, the art historian and curator of the Jewish Museum at Cincinnati, and the critics Alfred Werner and Rachel Wischnitzer.

The history assembled is fascinating. It begins with the few surviving artifacts of the Canaanites and then, at a blow, destroys by evidence the hoary notion that art among Jews was not practiced because of the second commandment. The institution of the synagogue is described as it emerged in the Babylonian exile and as it picked up Greek characteristics in Palestine. The way is thus open for a full dress

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Signature of editor and publisher
Gilbert A. Harrison

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1961.

Bertha S. Lehman, NPDC.

My commission expires September 14, 1964.

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consideration and analysis of the outstanding major work from antiquity – the wall paintings in the synagogue at Dura Europos, the third century work that anticipates so much that Christian art (several centuries later) was to achieve so painfully. The discussion then widens to take in other synagogues in the Middle East and elsewhere in the Empire. Miss Wischnitzer concludes, "Jewish art has, for the first time in history, created in pictorial language a series of figures inspired by the Bible and forming a conceptual whole . . . based on Jewish living experience." She distinguishes this sharply and properly from "Christian interpretation of the Old Testament used for polemical purposes." It was to be almost a thousand years before a comparable whole based on Christian living experience would emerge in art.

The 19th Century Bismarckian acceptance of the Jews very nearly led to the extinction of Jewish art as it very nearly led to the extinction of the Jewish identity in assimilation. Hitler generally is credited with the revival of a sense of Jewish identity in the Western World and even with much of the final impetus that brought Israel into being. Yet the Jewish presence in art was discernible when Hitler was still a minor gang-leader.

A great many of the Jewish figures in the school of Paris and in New York were and are of Baltic origin. In Chagall's work there is a sense of liberation – people and things are so liberated they take to the air.

But it is in America that the authentic voice of Israelic prophecy speaks in art, in painters as diverse as Rattner, Levine, Shahn, Bloom and Weber; the reference is not to Levine's small portraits of the kings and prophets, nor to Weber's Chassidim, nor even to Rattner's visions of the valley of dry bones and the end of all things; what is involved is rather a point of view and it goes back to *Genesis*.

In that book, for example, consider the story of Jacob's quest for a wife. He hires himself out for seven years to get the girl and instead gets fobbed off with the wrong girl. He then repeats his work contract. This extravagance is redoubled because each of his wives brings along a slave girl and each slave becomes involved in Jacob's drive for progeny. The same technique of extravagance is evident in Levine's "Reception in Miami," reproduced in *Jewish Art*. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor look as if they're made of stone and have been wheeled in; curtseying to these graven images are two American ladies, presented by their bowing escort. His arms seem to be controlling the curtsies. But all three Americans look like puppets worked by the finger-snapping maitre-d', an impression underlined by the corruscating light all over the picture. The curtsey is picked up by a lap-dog in the foreground scratching its ear. The graven images are backed up by an icy Canova statue of *Psyche and Eros*. Just as with Jacob, the main theme keeps splitting off, repeating itself more outrageously every time.

Or, from *Kings*, remember the style of Nathan in upbraiding King David for sending Uriah to his death: first the story and the king's acquiescence in the prophet's judgment; then the chilling revelation, "Thou art the man." Ben Shahn's "Death of a Miner," also reproduced, operates in somewhat the same way. In the sketchy landscape of desolation, the body of the miner and the distant catastrophe are both dim, almost as if scratched into being. More solid are the live miner running from the explosion toward the foreground body and the family group mourning. Most solid of all are the two looming backs of the suited and hatted men between us and the dead man; nothing is specified, but they seem clearly of the mine-owners and in some way responsible for the death; and they stand precisely in the position of the spectator himself, viewing the scene.

Edouard Roditi, who writes the modern chapter, doesn't think much of Shahn and feels, more generally, that "Jewish styles of painting . . . are . . . a product of an acute conflict, in the consciousness of individual artists, between the cultural traditions of the Western world and the familiar background of orthodox Judaism from which they are breaking away . . . a Jewish style of painting [is] . . . only a synthesis in this conflict, never . . . inherent in the Jewish cultural tradition."

And that merely illustrates a bit of Talmudic wisdom, "where you have 12 Jews, you have 13 opinions."

Nov. 4, 1960

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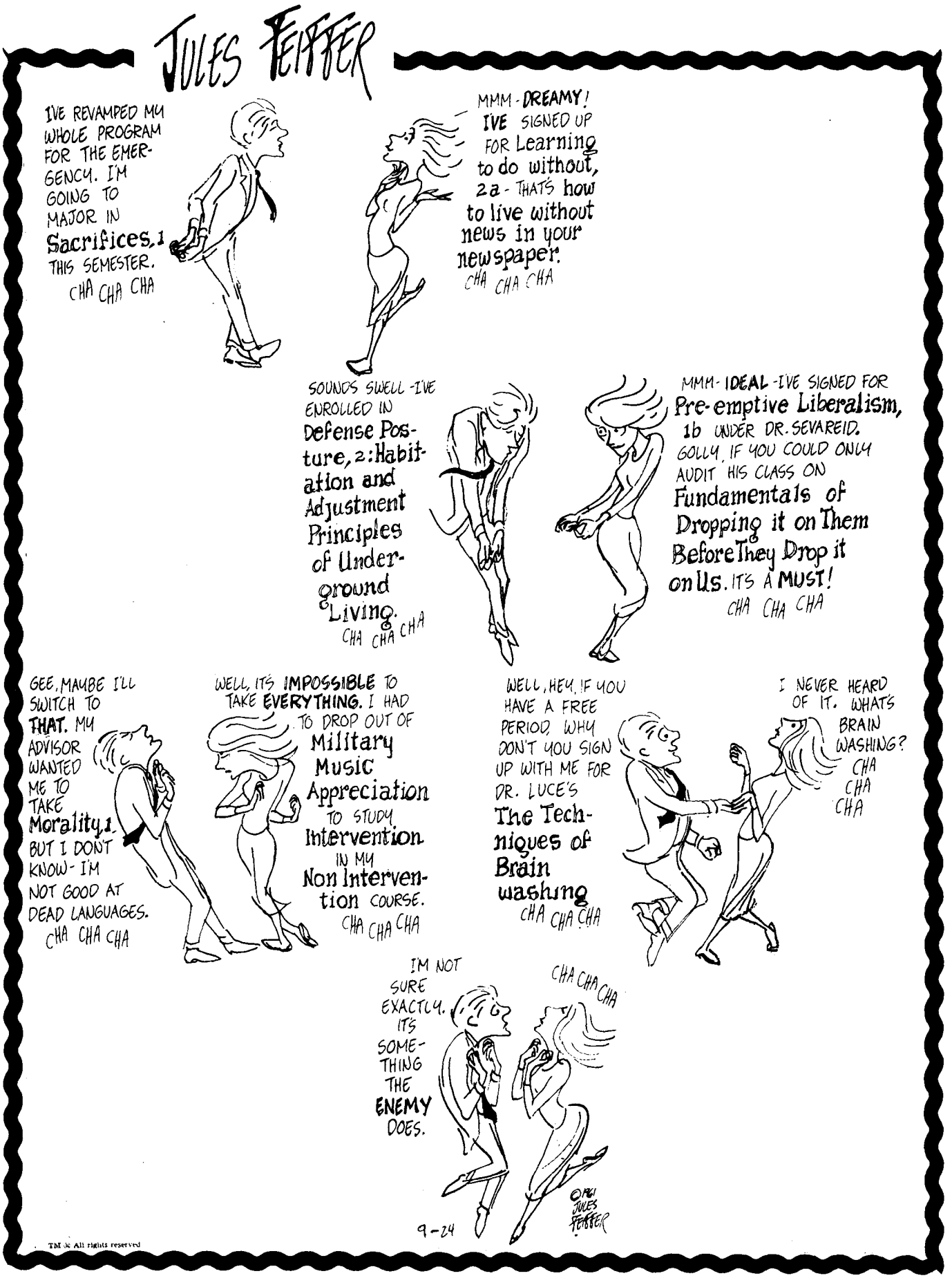
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MOVIES

The Talent of Paul Newman

Two concurrent films present the happy task of discussing Paul Newman. This young American actor started under the handicap of some physical and temperamental resemblance to Marlon Brando and has played many parts in which it was easy to envision Brando.

The Hustler (20th Century-Fox)
Paris Blues (United Artists)

There was an initial impression that he had been brought out as a cut-rate Brando, available to the producers who couldn't get the original.

It did not take long to dispel this impression. Film performances such as those in *The Long Hot Summer, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* and (much of) *Exodus,* his Broadway performance in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* and now these two films re-confirmed – as the airlines say – his sound skill, plentiful talent, his personal note. Those who, out of artistic antiquarianism, maintain that acting is impossible in pictures, that a performer merely behaves or that technicians always do it all for him, are invited to watch the picnic scene in *The Hustler* in which Newman, as a wizard pool-player, explains to his girl the thrill that he gets out of winning. If that scene is not finely tuned acting – well understood, carefully planned, technically primed, then set ablaze with talent – the acting world is a lot poorer than even my conservative estimate.

The Hustler and *Paris Blues* give Newman two versions of the same part; a young man with a gift, whose principal virtue is his devotion to that gift, and to whom love means chains.

In the first he is a pool hustler: an expert who makes a living by concealing his skill in pool until he has drawn commonplace players into betting heavily and then wins carefully so as not to reveal that they have been hoodwinked. The script of *The Hustler,* by Sydney Carroll and Robert Rossen, from Walter Tevis' novel, strains hard to give an air of menace and criminality to the pool hall. When the film started (really started, after the pre-titles teaser), I thought it was building to a knife fight, at least, not a pool game.

The theme is hand-me-down Hemingway. A young man shoots pool clean, true, brave, and he wants to stay that way; but the non-heroic world drives him into the clutches of a gambler. The gambler is the somewhat incredible cause of the death of the player's girl, who loved him and is the first he has truly loved. To honor her, the player comes back and beats the champ who had earlier beaten him, then walks out into the night.

Besides the pseudo-menace, the script is full of pseudo-meaning. (S. J. Perelman could amuse himself by translating it into the bridge or chess world.) But the execution of the script is extraordinarily good. Rosen, the co-author, has directed with a sure, economical hand. Newman is first-rate. As his neurotic, lame girl, Piper Laurie has a part rather obscurely explained but which fits her like a *chic* straitjacket. Miss Laurie's powers are all interior-directed. She embodies Method views of Stanislavsky, Freud, and Sociology 22 (Mon., Wed., Fri. – 1:30-3 p.m.). This is not to mock her; all these qualities suit her part here, and she gives it movingly anguished touches. But, at present, acting consists for her of taking lines and emotions apart in public. As soon as the audience becomes more important to her than acting "problems," as soon as continuous projection becomes her chief aim, she may be a good actress indeed.

George C. Scott – except for some moments toward the end when the script forces him to be false – gives his most credible performance to date as the gambler – some well-knit, non-egocentric acting. Rossen has skillfully handled Jackie Gleason, as a pool shark. Gleason does not act, he poses for a number of pictures which are well arranged by Rossen. It is the best use of a manikin by a director since Kazan photographed Burl Ives as Big Daddy.

Paris Blues has a rewarding idea buried in it, but it does not involve Newman's part. Four writers have adapted Harold Flender's novel, whose sole asset was the idea they have minimized: An American Negro jazz musician, living happily in Paris, falls in love with an American Negro teacher vacationing there. She wants to return to the US and help to improve Negroes' future; he wants to stay in Paris and be happy now. The plot has been inflated to give them each a white friend, and the romance between the white pair has taken over, reducing the racial subject to a couple of squabble scenes.

Martin Ritt's direction, in the intense realistic vein of Rossen's, is inferior to it. The patchwork part keeps Newman's trombone player from being as good as his pool player, but it has many effective moments. Joanne Woodward, as his girl, is a capable actress who would be better if she mastered one technical matter: breathing. Her voice is insufficiently supported and sometimes drones out before she reaches the end of a line.

Sidney Poitier, whose story this ought to be, is superb. What this magnificently endowed man does with this tritely written role deserves more attention than present space allows. Diahann Carroll, the beautiful popular singer, plays his girl (sans music) with great personal appeal but not much else. Louis Armstrong makes a boisterously welcome appearance, and the film is kind enough to "introduce" Serge Reggiani, an actor who has been a fixture of French films for about two decades.

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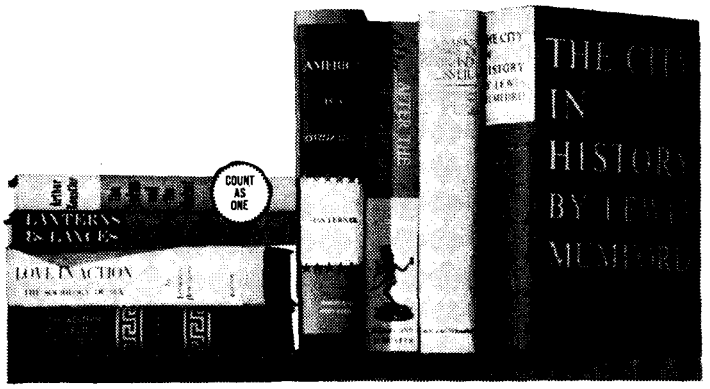

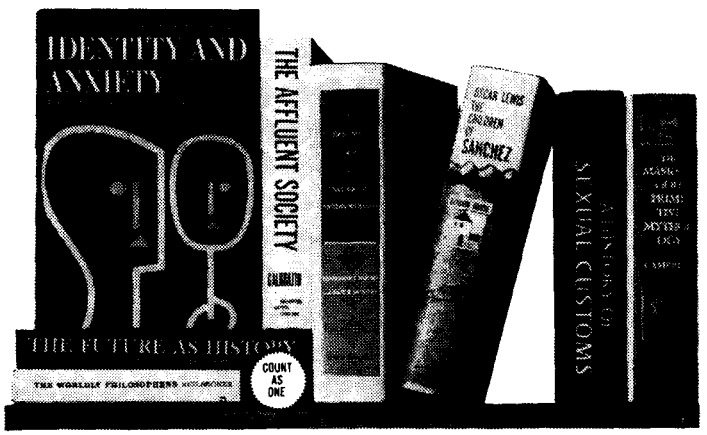

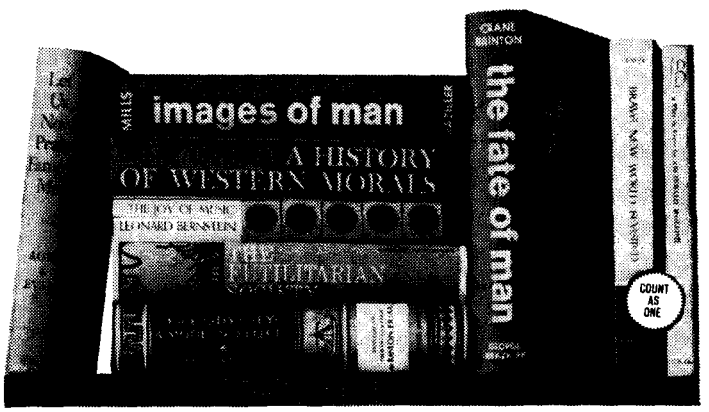

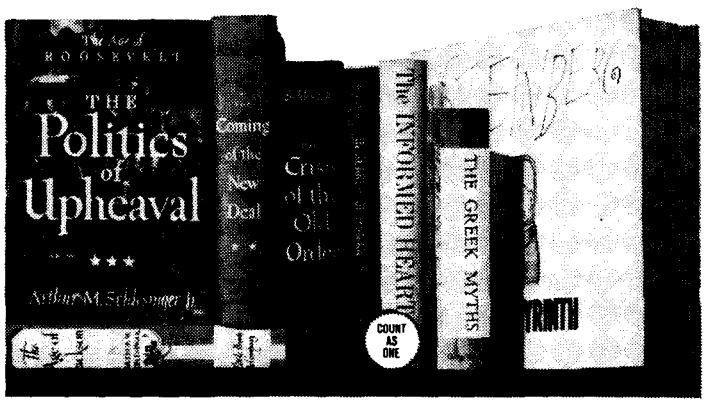

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THEATER

On Finding a Cure for Syphilologists

Ghosts
by Henrik Ibsen
(Fourth Street Theater)
Misalliance
by Bernard Shaw
(Sheridan Square Playhouse)

When *Ghosts* was first performed in the English-speaking world, it was greeted by one reviewer as "an open drain; a loathsome sore unbandaged; a dirty act done publicly; a lazar-house with all its doors and windows open," while his colleagues rallied to his support with a barrage of disease images so unwholesome that they could have formed the basis for a *Glossary of Fetid Terms* by Eric Partridge. One of the main reasons for all this delicious vituperation, I suppose, was Oswald's syphilis, a then unmentionable subject since it was unconditionally guaranteed to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. Today, when the blush is obsolete and the journalistic vocabulary of abuse has dwindled to a few grey monosyllables, we must be satisfied with less colorful, though more patronizing, techniques for keeping Ibsen at a safe distance. For a glimpse into these, I refer you to the reviews of the current production of *Ghosts* where, amidst the inevitable arguments over the pros and cons of "naturalism," you will find three general types of evaluation: (1) since syphilis is curable, the play is dated, (2) though syphilis is curable, the play is not altogether dated, and (3) because syphilis is curable, the play should never have been written in the first place. Still fixed on Oswald's unfortunate malady, a contemporary review can nevertheless be confidently expected to consist less of discussions of the play than of unsolicited testimonials to Sir Alexander Fleming and his discovery of penicillin. Now that a knowledge of syphilology is essential equipment for every reviewer of *Ghosts*, I wish to display my own credentials with the following clinical contribution: Oswald's congenital disease is *not* curable, even by modern methods, because it is first detected only in an advanced stage when his brain cells have already been damaged.

I relieve myself of this information in the vain hope that we may at last put this dreary debate to bed, and turn our attention from the latest medical advances to what Ibsen actually wrote. For, considering the broken lines of communication between the theater and dramatic scholarship, it is obviously necessary to repeat what even the most casual student of Ibsen already knows: that *Ghosts* is not dated, is not naturalistic, is not about Oswald, and is concerned with hereditary syphilis only as a metaphor for Fate or Destiny. What Ibsen attempted here was a modern tragedy constructed on a Sophoclean pattern, beginning just before the catastrophe and proceeding, by a process of exhuming past events, to a terrible, though needlessly equivocal conclusion. The theme of the work is that the ghosts of the dead inhabit the bodies of the living, or, put another way, that the mistakes of the past control the events of the present. It is true that the title refers also to the phantoms of dead beliefs, the persistence of which Ibsen dedicates substantial energies to combatting; and it is also true that some of the author's arguments, suffering the fate he prophesied for all ideas, have become a little ghostly themselves.

But the validity of the work is preserved because, on its deepest level, the drama of ideas is always kept subordinate to a pattern of tragic action. The central character, Mrs. Alving, is not simply a *raisonneuse*, mouthing the author's opinions, but also a tragic protagonist whose suffering demonstrates the hollowness of even the most emancipated opinions when not backed with radical acts. Mrs. Alving believes that she will be able to repudiate the dreadful Alving inheritance if only she can interpret events correctly, and that merely revealing to Oswald the truth about his father will be enough to save him from destruction. But when the sun of enlightenment comes up, permitting Oswald to "see your home properly," he very fittingly goes mad. Mrs. Alving – pressed to an act of euthanasia at the end, and screaming with characteristic indecision – has learned, like Oedipus, that the past is unredeemable, for her early decision to remain with her profligate husband after she had stifled his emotional life was, like Oedipus' killing of Laius at the crossroads, an initial error which started inexorable destructive engines in motion. *Ghosts*, in short, is about tragic Necessity, and with all due respect to Dr. Fleming, I don't think he has yet perfected a cure for *that*.

Considering the Pavlovian response that was to be expected from the reviewers, David Ross should probably be decorated for attempting the play at all; but I have a sneaking suspicion that he thinks *Ghosts* is about syphilis too. At all events, his production is hopelessly superficial. Some of the difficulties, admittedly, can be attributed less to Mr. Ross than to Mr. Ross' theater: to stage *Ghosts* in the three-quarters is to sacrifice three-quarters of its illustrative power. The symbolic garden, for example, associated with

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the sensuality and fertility of Regina and her mother, has been reduced to a few floral decorations on the side of the stage; and we have, therefore, lost our view, through the conservatory windows, of the fjord, so essential as a contrasting image of the wild, natural life outside (in an ideal production, the fjord would be the last thing seen by the spectator, its cliffs looming up in rebuke).

The limitations of the theater, however, do not explain why Mr. Ross has chosen to ignore Ibsen's careful instructions about the lighting: why the stage is flooded with brightness when the author insists on gloom and drizzle, and why Mrs. Alving has been separated from her symbolic "enlightening" lamp. Nor can I understand why Oswald recalls the most nauseating experience of his childhood (when his father made him smoke a pipe) as if he were remembering an afternoon of cake and candy; why Regina declares her Viking amorality and independence at the end in a tone of slobbering self-pity; why all indications have been muted that Engstrand's Sailor's Home is actually a brothel; why the company is so consistently miscast; or why the staging is so consistently awkward. I must break off my longer list of "whys" here, adding only a question about the text. The play was adapted by Carmel Ross from a translation of R. Farquharson Sharpe's, and between them they have managed to produce a version which sounds remarkably like William Archer's. I have no objection to this, since I believe Archer's translations to be unfairly maligned, but why – when the play is already short and every sentence is essential – must it have been so remorselessly cut.

The current production of *Misalliance* is a more impressive performance of a less impressive play – a disquistory trifle in which Shaw toys with a number of ideas without bothering to expand them, finally descending with obvious impatience into the kind of biological sex comedy he usually condemns. Until *Misalliance* decides to become a French farce, it drags interminably, but the pull is lightened by the bouncy acting of Lidia Prochnicka as Lina, Donald Moffat as Tarleton, and Francis Sternhagen as Hypatia.

Robert Brustein

Correspondence

An Unfair Judgment

Sirs:

In your issue of September 25 ("Mr. Walter's Squeeze Play") you are critical of the provisions of the immigration legislation adopted at the past session of Congress for its "sweeping retraction of due process for unwanted aliens."

Your editorial did not point out that the provisions you criticize were supported in both 1959 and 1960 by the Judicial Conference of the United States, composed of the Chief Justice, the Chief Judge of each judicial circuit and the Court of Claims, and a District Judge from each judicial circuit. Since your editorial further stated that "virtually every major legal agency was opposed," and that the "sole supporting witnesses, besides the Justice Department, have been the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Coalition of Patriotic Societies, a list that to many speaks for itself," the omission of the views of the senior United States judges seems to me particularly unfortunate.

Since this group is scarcely noted for its opposition to civil liberties, the fact that it supported the judicial review provisions about which you complain may cast some doubt on your characterization of these "inequities."

Nicholas deB. Katzenbach
Assistant Attorney General
Washington, D. C.

In reply:

In listing "the sole supporting witnesses" who appeared in favor of Mr. Walter's bill, we failed to mention the Judicial Conference, which, of course, offered no testimony as a witness, though it did, at its meeting in September 1959, approve substantially the provisions of the bill we criticized. The point is scarcely of conclusive significance. The views of the Conference – which incidentally, does not include members of the Supreme Court other than the Chief Justice – are entitled to respect, as are the views of the Department of Justice. Both institutions, however, are quite capable of being wrong. Sometimes they even admit it. Not long before approving Mr. Walter's bill, the same Judicial Conference, presided over by the same Chief Justice, endorsed a bill that would have severely restricted access to the federal courts on habeas corpus by convicts held in State prisons in contravention of alleged Constitutional rights. This bill failed of enactment, and a while later, the Judicial Conference changed its mind about it.

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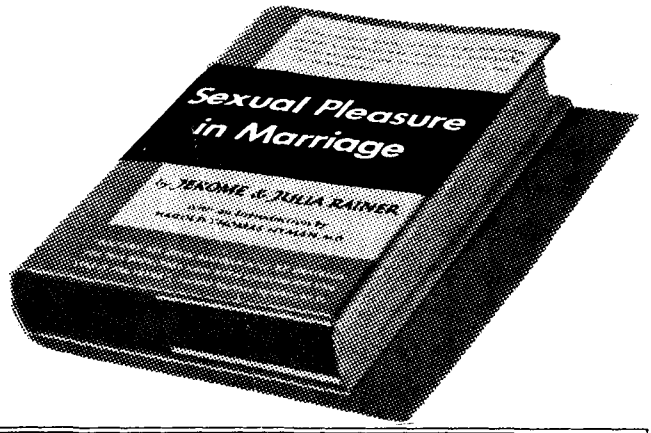

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